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SCRAP BOOK

NANTUCKET'S TRIPLETS



Mrs. George Sylvia and her three little ones (born at the Nantucket Hospital on the 3rd of February) posed for The Inquirer and Mirror before Boyer's camera. The triplets have been named Arthur, Arline and Adelaide, and all are healthy youngsters, already showing that they are enjoying life on Nantucket island.

The triplets have made their first visit to the printing office (where their mother was formerly employed) and the whole force rushed to extend them the glad hand, Arline being the first to receive congratulations, and then Adelaide and Arthur.

Before her marriage Mrs. Sylvia was Miss Ida Garland, granddaughter of the late Alexander and Nancy Chase. She is 24 years old and, besides the triplets, is the mother of a 4½-year-old son and a 3-year-old daughter.

LOWER FLAGS IN TRIBUTE TO CAPTAIN

Special to Standard-Times.

NANTUCKET, March 26—Flags along Main Street were placed at half-mast Saturday afternoon in tribute to Captain Owen S. Manter, native of this town, whose body was brought here following his death in Cliffside, N. J., Wednesday night.

Captain Manter, former pilot and skipper on the New Bedford, Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket Steamboat Line, was buried at South Cemetery following services at the Episcopal Church with the Rev. Chauncey H. Bledgett, pastor, officiating. The Odd Fellows, of which he was a member, held committal rites at the grave.

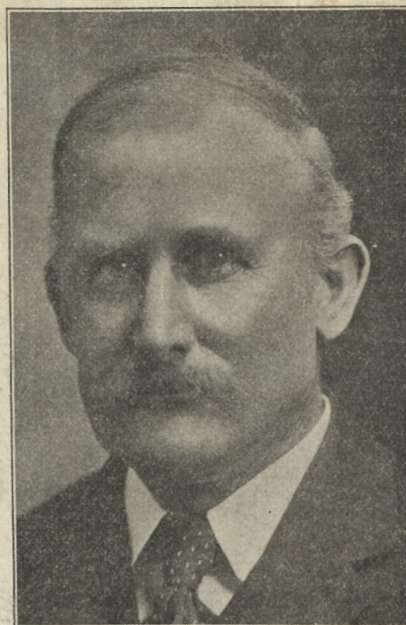
Death of Capt. Owen S. Manter in New Jersey.

Capt. Owen S. Manter, of Nantucket, died at the home of his son, Capt. Harry Manter, in Cliffside, N. J., Wednesday night, in the eightieth year of his age. He had been gradually failing in health for several years, yet was able to make a brief visit "back home" last summer and renew old acquaintances.

For many years the deceased served on the island steamers and was well-known to the travelling public. He entered the employ of the island steamboat line in the early 90's, serving as quartermaster on steamer Island Home with the late Captain Fishback.

In 1892, he went on the Gay Head as quartermaster with Captain Daggett, and continued in the company's employ for more than a quarter of a century, rising to the position of pilot and then captain. He was licensed as master for the inland waters of the Atlantic coast and also as a first-class pilot for the waters between Nantucket and Point Judith.

When he retired from active life



THE LATE OWEN S. MANTER.

on the sea, he made his home with his son in New Jersey, yet he always maintained a keen interest in Nantucket and always looked forward to a visit to the island each summer.

Besides his son, Capt. Harry Manter, he is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Lillian Brockseiper.

The remains will be brought to Nantucket this (Saturday) afternoon, and funeral services will be held in the Episcopal church after the arrival of the boat. Committal services will be held in the South Cemetery under the rites of Odd Fellowship, the deceased being a member of Nantucket Lodge, No. 66, of this town.



READY FOR THE HUNT—NEAR MIACOMET POND.



QUANTUCKET EXTENDED A CORDIAL WELCOME TO THE PRESIDENT



THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY LANDING ON THE ATHLETIC CLUB PIER.

THIRTEEN MORE GO TO CAMP.

Nantucket Well Represented in the Detail Which Went to Camp Yesterday. Boys Accorded a Royal Send-off at Hyannis.

Thirteen more young men of Nantucket have been summoned to the training camp, in response to the draft call issued by the Exemption Board of the 43d District, which makes a total of twenty-four Nantucketers who have been summoned to Camp Devens at Ayer up to this time. The thirteen are the following:

Irvin M. Wyer
George S. Furber,
George W. Cummings.
Franklin F. Webster.
Byron Moone.
Edgar Adams.
Wallace N. Long.
Charles H. Vincent.
Karl Brockseiper.
William A. Main.
Maurice C. Killen.
Robert C. Nickerson.
Lincoln Porte.

Nantucket did not give the boys a formal "send-off", but a crowd of a hundred or so was gathered on the dock Thursday morning to wish them farewell. There may have been a few tears shed—if so, they were among the crowd on the wharf, for not an eye was moist among the boys at the thought of parting from home and relatives and friends for the training camp. All were happy and jovial and not one in the bunch apparently had any feeling that they would not all be back again, probably after months of rather strenuous experiences, to be sure. It is certain that none had the least disposition or inclination to be a "slacker." Going to war was serious business, of course, but the Nantucket boys are looking on the brighter side of the situation and acquiescing to the call of Uncle Sam to service with the same spirit that marked the "boys of '61."

The Question of Transportation.

On the way over a rather interesting and peculiar complication arose on the Uncatena, where the question arose whether the drafted men should be obliged to pay for their passage, when they were responding to orders of the War Department to mobilize for the army. The boys were of the opinion that the pink cards which they received from the Department, ordering them to appear for service on October 4th, should be accepted by the transportation company—that as drafted men ordered to camp the Steamboat Company could not refuse them passage. And they united in a body in this opinion, after considerable discussion and agreeing to stick together and refuse to pay their fares

from Nantucket to Woods Hole, with the opinion that when shown their orders from the War Department the officers of the boat would not attempt to stop them when the Uncatena reached Woods Hole.

They then lined up at the purser's window and informed Purser Backus of their decision. This put the purser in a dilemma, for he was responsible for every passenger who came aboard the boat and had to account for each to the company. The pink cards of the men were not tickets; neither were they orders for tickets or passage—they were simply orders for the men to appear at Hyannis. The purser was perplexed—he realized that he could not prevent the men from leaving the boat, for that would be interference with orders of the War Department. Still, the company looked to him for the money for each passenger carried on the boat.

The boys hung in front of the purser's window and talked and argued. They had decided what they would do and they stuck to it. Karl Brockseiper acted as spokesman, for he "knew the ropes", having been in the service four years. But Purser Backus was still perplexed. Finally the boys went up to the smoking-room and informally asked a bit of advice from Assistant District Attorney Ryan, who happened to be on board. They came back in about five minutes, wearing the same determined looks on their faces, and started another argument with the purser. The poor

fellow was simply "up against it," but he refused to depart from his duty as representative of the company. Finally he decided to bring the situation to the attention of the captain, and the spokesman went to the pilot-house to request the skipper's presence down below.

Captain Sandsbury at once came down and after the situation was explained to him and he talked the matter over a few minutes with Purser Backus, an agreement was reached. The captain realized that the passage of the men could not be interfered with, and as they refused to buy tickets (one or two of them claimed that they didn't have the cash, anyway), he decided to get out of the dilemma by having each man sign a bond or voucher and thus "pass" him, taking the matter up later with the agent at New Bedford. The Nantucket boys won out and had the trip from the island to Woods Hole without costing them a penny, as they claimed

they were entitled to under the order from the War Department to army service. Whether the Steamboat Company will be able to get payment from the government for the transportation of the men is something for the Company to find out—as it will probably do before another bunch is ordered to camp.

It was an interesting situation—one which will interest all Nantucketers and especially relatives and friends of those who are liable to receive orders to service in the near future. The question which arose and the incidents of the controversy were explained to Captain Barry of the Exemption Board, and it was learned that the government has made no provision for transportation of drafted men until after mobilization. It is up to the town to furnish its men with the tickets which will take them to the place designated for mobilization, Captain Barry stated. While a transportation company cannot refuse to carry a drafted man who is responding to an order of the War Department, it can hold the town responsible for payment therefor. At least, that is the way the matter stands as far as the Exemption Board is aware at present. Captain Barry makes this statement for the benefit of the men who are to be called the first of November, and it will be up to them to apply to the town for transportation—or, rather, for the town to tender them transportation to the place of mobilization.

Some "Autoed" to Barnstable and Hyannis.

There was an even dozen in the party of drafted men and five others called for examination. Fourteen men had been ordered from Nantucket to mobilize, but only twelve left Nantucket. Maurice Killen was in Boston when the summons came, but relatives sent him word that he had been drafted, so that he was able to come down to Hyannis by train Thursday afternoon.

The fourteenth man called was registered as "Manuel Silva." No such man could be found, but "Manuel Sylvester," who worked on O. C. Hussey's farm, received the card—which was evidently intended for him, inasmuch as he registered on June 5th. But "Sylvester" did not get the pink card until after the boat had sailed, which made it impossible for him to respond.

The situation was explained to Captain Barry by the representative of The Inquirer and Mirror, at Barnstable, Thursday noon, so that a charge of being a deserter would not be placed against Sylvester, or "Silva." Over the long distance 'phone, the young man's employer was apprised of the situation and Captain Barry rescinded the order for him to report October 4th, extending the date to November 5th, when the remainder of

the men in this district who have been passed will be summoned to camp.

Of the dozen who left here Thursday, six were able to dig down into

their pockets and find enough cash to pay for a joy ride by auto to Hyannis. They were Irvin M. Wyer, Charles H. Vincent, Lincoln Porte, George S. Furber, William A. Main and Byron G. Mooney. This sextette reached Hyannis before noon and had the afternoon to enjoy themselves. The other six—Wallace N. Long, Robert C. Nickerson, Karl Brockseiper, Franklin F. Webster, Edgar Adams and George Cummings—went by train and did not pay a cent, either, for they put up the same situation to the conductor as they did to the purser—and got away with it, too, with the result that they reached Hyannis about four o'clock in the afternoon on the strength of their pink cards and just as wealthy as they were when they left Nantucket at 6.45 that morning.

Five other Nantucketers who were called for examination on Friday "autoed" up to Barnstable from Woods Hole, in hopes that they could thus be examined a day ahead of schedule and not lose another day, if possible. The five were George Ernest Barney, Harold Marks, Albert F. Egan, Edward B. Lewis, Jr., and Randolph Swain—and they found the Exemption Board (as all others have found them) willing to accommodate. Within an hour the five had been examined and were soon "autoing" again over the four miles of oil road to Hyannis, where they witnessed the royal "send-off" given their fellows that evening and Friday morning by the people of Hyannis.

And it really was a royal send-off, too. If Nantucket cannot muster up enthusiasm enough for some sort of a demonstration when a bunch of her boys leave for war, the Cape can do it and do it well, too. Everything that Nantucket did not do for her young men responding to the draft, the Cape did.

Supper Served at Hyannis.

About six o'clock the Nantucket "thirteen," with about one hundred others, assembled in the parlor and lobby at the "Ferguson," awaiting with keen appetites the gong which was to announce that supper was ready. Franklin Webster entertained the bunch with the hotel player-piano and peddled away for a full hour without a break, while the boys helped him along with an occasional burst of song and considerable accompaniment of humming and whistling. They were far from a dejected-looking crowd of fellows—in fact, the crowd of drafted ones was increasing so rapidly that the study of new faces who were to go to Ayer as the second 40 per cent. from District 43 was interesting to all. Many an advance acquaintance "was scraped up" and probably

by the time they reached Ayer yesterday (Friday) afternoon the boys of the 43d District were all on more than "speaking terms." Ex-Congressman Thatcher stopped in for a chat before supper was served and gave the boys a hand-clasp and a word of greeting all around.

The train was late at Hyannis, Thursday night—and so supper was late. It was 7.30 before the call to the dining-room came and by that time the last bunch of draftees—or "selected men," as Captain Barry prefers to call them—had arrived, and that included fourteen Vineyarders, with several Gay Head fellows in the bunch. They were of darkened skin, perhaps, but they were Americans and as such were selected for service.

Needless to say, the men all had big appetites by the time they were seated about the tables. Captain Barry and Dr. Currie, members of the Exemption Board, Captain Varnum, and Sergeant Smith, of the State Guard, Clerk Ellis of the Exemption Board, and the editor of The Inquirer and Mirror, were seated at a central table upon the centre of which an American flag was mounted on a silver pedestal. On the farther side of the room the other member of the Exemption Board—Judge Eldridge of the Vineyard—was chatting with the State Treasurer, Charles L. Burrill, who came down at the request of the Governor to be present as the official representative of the state.

The "boys" were privileged to take seats as they chose, but were told to remember them, so as to occupy the same places at the 5.30 o'clock breakfast to be served in the morning. It was a good "feed" that Proprietor Ferguson set before them—probably the last of that kind which they will have for some time. It included:

Crackers	Tomato Soup	Pickles
Cold Ham	Cold Corned Beef	
	Frankfurters	
	Mashed Potato	
Hot Rolls	Corn Bread	
	Ice Cream	
"Smokes"	Coffee	

And the boys showed that they were hungry, too. If they felt the need of a second helping they got it—even to ice cream, which would hardly seem to be a customary dish at the army camp to which they were going on the morrow.

The First Roll Call.

When supper was over the boys were ordered into the "armory"—incidentally the hall in the Masonic building—to respond to their first roll-call. The men were lined up in rows on one side of the hall, while Captain Barry gave them their first instructions as embryo soldiers.

"When your names are called," said he, "each boy must say 'Here, sir!' and go over to the other side of the room. At this time I want to call your

attention to the fact that you must always use the 'sir.' It is a courtesy due your commanding officer—to a commission received from the President of the United States. You will learn that when you respond you must also salute and your commanding officer must return the salute. It is military courtesy which is true of privates and officers, regardless of rank. I want you boys to understand that I am proud of you and I believe that everyone of you will give a good account of yourselves. You have the right stuff in you—you have

proved it already. I believe that you will return to your homes with more than your share of stripes on your sleeves and I hope that some one of you, as an especial favor, will bring me back the Kaiser's left sleeve."

Captain Varnum then commenced calling the roll and although several names were called without response, they were of men who were away from home and had not received their cards. Some of these later reported by telephone and so practically every man was accounted for. The first Nantucketer to answer the roll call was William A. Main, who was among the first half dozen men called. The second Nantucketer was Karl Brockseiper, then Lincoln Porte and the other ten in the following order: Maurice Killen, Irvin M. Wyer, George S. Furber, George W. Cummings, Franklin F. Webster, Byron G. Mooney, Edgar Adams, Wallace N. Long. Robert Nickerson seemed to be quite popular, for his name was called twice. Upon the first call he answered "Here, sir!" and took his place in the ranks. A few moments later his name was called again and the "Here, sir!" came from the ranks. Captain Varnum was puzzled and so was Nickerson. It developed that Nickerson had been booked for both hotels, so his name was on the roll twice. Everybody laughed over the dilemma and Captain Barry and Captain Varnum joined in. Clearly Nickerson could not put up at both places and he elected to stay at the Ferguson, so his first "Here, sir!" sufficed.

The roll call over, the men were impressed with the fact that they now belonged to the United States Army, so they were ordered to march by fours up to the moving picture theatre, where a reception was to be tendered them by the people of Hyannis, under the auspices of the Board of Trade. It was the first step in their military career and they were escorted

to the hall by the State Guards, who, in their trim uniforms and erect carriage and firm tread, formed quite a contrast to the 120 "rookies" who trailed along in the rear, trying to keep step and march in fours at the same time. But the "draftees" were game and seemed to enjoy their first military lesson.

A Fine Reception Accorded Them.

The public was not permitted to enter the hall until after the draftees had marched in, with the State Guard, under Captain Varnum, and taken the front seats. Then the doors were thrown open and in poured the crowd until every seat was occupied and standing room was at a premium even out on the sidewalk. Members of the Board of Trade, the Exemption Board, clergymen, Grand Army veterans and others occupied the stage.

William Lovell, chairman of the Board of Trade, presided, and in opening the event called upon all to rise and join with the orchestra in the "Star Spangled Banner." Prayer was then offered by Dr. Sarah A. Dixon, and Captain Barry followed with some well-chosen words of congratulation and appreciation to those who he preferred to call "his boys" who were now entering upon the serious phase of a soldier's life.

He paid a warm tribute to the boys of the district—his selected men—and thought that the folks left behind had just cause to feel proud of the contingent which was going to Ayer—"a husky bunch of boys who have played square from the start." The work of the Exemption Board, he said, had been a very arduous one, yet pleasant in a way, for it brought closer associations with the young men of the Cape and the Islands, who were a hardy lot, built of the right stuff. It was some task to examine the 2400 men who had registered and these boys were indeed selected, Captain

the most stirring patriotic addresses that ever fell from the lips of a clergyman. He was so full of "ginger" that the applause was deafening at times, and when he closed with this parting: "Good-bye, soldiers; God be with you till we meet again! This is the hour of solemn sacrifice!" there was more than one moist eye in the audience. It was an address worth going miles to hear.

A mixed chorus of trained voices sang all four verses of "Speed Our Republic" and then the Rev. Mr. Coburn, of Yarmouth, who was himself one of "the boys of '61," talked for a few minutes.

Chairman Lovell then introduced the State Treasurer, Hon. Charles L. Burrill, who was present at the request of Governor McCall as the representative of the Commonwealth. Mr. Burrill said he brought the greetings of the Governor to the boys of the 43d District and said that state officials complimented the district not only for the hardy young men it was sending to camp, but for the unusually large representation it already had in voluntary enlistments in the navy, reserves and other branches of Uncle Sam's service. The State Treasurer then proved himself a good storyteller.

"I was speaking in North Easton last night," said he. "A man in the rear of the hall kept calling 'louder!' I raised my voice and continued, but a moment later he called 'louder!' again. Upon the third interruption a man in front of him arose and turned around. 'What's the matter? Can't you hear?' he said. 'No,' replied the interrupter. 'I'm deaf.' 'Then thank God and sit down and keep still,' was the other man's reply."

"A few evenings ago," continued the Treasurer, "I was in Great Barrington, out in the western part of the state. A man who was drafted came to me and shook my hand, saying he was mighty glad he had been called, for it meant the end of the war was near. 'How is that?' I asked. 'Well,' said he, 'I was never able to keep a job more than a month yet and I don't believe this will be any different from the others.' I hope that fellow was right."

Mr. Burrill then went on to outline in brief how the state had planned to take care of those left behind. "Every provision has been made," said he, "for taking care of the families of men who have been drafted. The wives and children left behind will not suffer any hardship or privation. You boys can go to camp tomorrow with the assurance that the federal and state governments will take care of your loved ones."

At the conclusion of the Treasurer's address the audience arose and sang two verses of "America," following which the benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Mr. Tuller, who then stepped to the centre of the stage and called for three cheers for the boys of the 43d District, which were given with a will. It was a pleasant, enthusiastic meeting and Nantucket thanks Hyannis for her share in the ovation tendered the "selected men" both on this and a former occasion.

"The Last Night Ashore."

In accordance with Captain Barry's suggestion to store up as much sleep as possible, the draftees, with one or two exceptions, "turned in" as soon as possible after the meeting dispersed, but their rest was disturbed in nearly every instance, for they were all full of fun and, from all outward appearances, out on "a cruise". It was their last chance for a frolic and they had it, from all accounts. The Nantucket boys were bubbling over with the tales of the night when they came for breakfast the next morning. George Furber was chuckling over a pillow fight which occurred in the wee small hours between William Main and Lincoln Porte. The fight ended disastrously—to the pillows—and the boys spent the rest of the time until daylight picking up the feathers.

It was a jolly bunch at the breakfast table, when the boys had their fill of oat meal, steak and baked potatoes, and then hustled out to the "square" to respond to their second roll call. They were then "in the ranks" in reality—suitcases and all—a rather motley gathering, to be sure, but all smiling and happy. With "Old Glory" and the State Guard in advance, the company stood for an early morning picture—it was then 6.30—and then were escorted to the train.

A few tears were shed by relatives and friends, but not a boy had a moist eye. Everybody sympathized with an aged couple, however, who stood there

with their arms around each other, with "Mother" sobbing bitterly on "Father's" shoulder. The draft had taken their three sons—all husky fellows—and they were left alone. The boys did not claim exemption, because they wanted to go and their parents wanted them to.

A final hand-clasp was passed around by the thirteen Nantucketers, each of whom sent back home the assurance that they were still happy and not at all "in the dumps." Captain Barry then called:

"Boys, select your seat mates. It is going to be a long, tiresome ride today."

With Captain Varnum and "Old Glory" still in the lead, with the crowd gathered about the station cheering, the "selected ones" piled into the train and were soon sticking their heads out of the windows and apparently having a good time. At 6.45 the train started and the 120 boys were off for the training camp. At Tremont the detail from Fairhaven, Marion and Mattapoisett was to join the troop train—142 strong—and at Brockton another detail was put aboard—about 160 men.

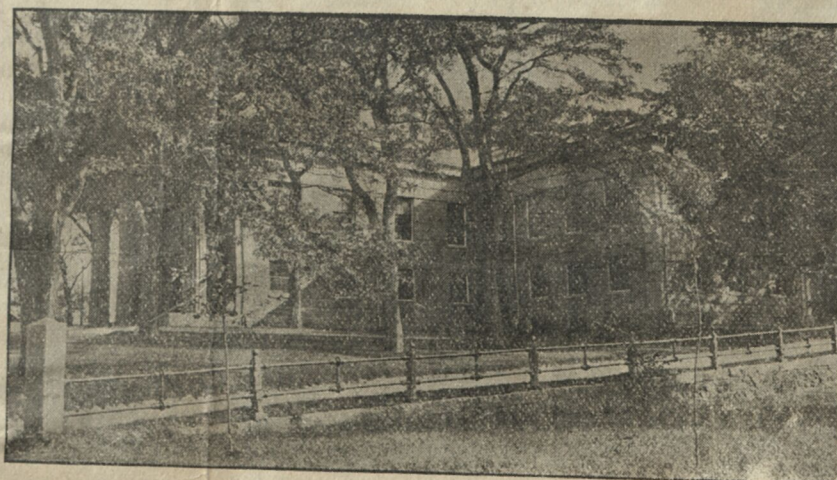
It was announced (on the quiet) before the roll call that morning that the train might not reach Ayer until four or five o'clock, and the Nantucket "thirteen" were given the tip. Most all of them stocked up as far as their finances would allow. Some had their pockets stuffed with sandwiches, others bags of fruit in their hands, and most all of them invested in some loaf sugar, which is said to be a scarce article in camp.

Captain Varnum informed the writer that the Adjutant at camp had assured him that the Nantucket boys would be put in Company G with the others who went on the previous drafts. They might not be together last night, but they would as soon as the routine of the camp could be completed after the arrival of this last batch of "rookies" at Camp Devens.



THE THIRTEEN NANTUCKET BOYS WHO WENT TO CAMP AT AYER LAST WEEK WITH THE SECOND "40 PER CENT." CONTINGENT FROM DISTRICT 43, LINED UP AT HYANNIS A FEW MINUTES BEFORE BOARDING THE TRAIN ON FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5TH.

From left to right—Robert C. Nickerson, Maurice C. Killen, Irvin M. Wyer, George W. Cummings, Edgar Adams, Wallace Long, Lincoln Porte, Charles H. Vincent, William Main, George S. Furber, Byron Mooney, Franklin Webster, Karl Brockseiper.



The Barnstable County Court-house, a large stone structure, well arranged and with modern appointments, where nearly 170 Nantucketers have been examined for liability under the draft.

Earl Ray of Nantucket, who has started for France with the 96th Aero Squadron of the United States, sends us a copy of the squadron's song, which is set to the tune of "Solomon Levi." It follows:

We are the "Flying Ninety-sixth,"
You hear so much about;
The people stop and look at us,
Whenever we go out.

We are noted for our flying
And the fancy stunts we do;
Most people like us and—
We hope you'll like us, too.

Chorus:

When we go marching
And the band begins to P-l-a-y,
You can hear them shouting:
The "Flying Ninety-sixth" are on their way.

Barry said, "for they are the best we've got."

"I tell you, boys," said the Captain, "the officers at the training camp are taking notice of District 43. They have already complimented me on the husky set of fellows who have gone ahead of you, and I know they will find this lot fully as ruddy and manly a lot. The adjutant at the camp has personally praised 'my boys' and I am proud of every one of them."

"In 1775, when this country was struggling for its independence, we had the 'minute men', who responded to duty on a minute's notice. You, too, are minute men in fact, for you have been called, many of you, with less than forty-eight hours' notice—and some at less than an hour's notice—and you have responded nobly. You will bring credit to the 43d district."

"I take my hat off to the mothers who are giving up their sons to the country's call without a murmur. They are brave women—the mothers of brave sons—and we are all proud of them."

Captain Barry was warmly applauded when he finished speaking. He is a forceful speaker and every boy who has been before him, whether accepted or rejected, has the same opinion of Captain Barry—that he is a whole-souled, generous-hearted man, but with a nerve of steel, which stands by him in this time of patriotic effort.

The next speaker was Commander Ring, of the Hyannis Post, G. A. R., a white-haired veteran who, as one of the "boys of '61" spoke fatherly to the "boys of '17" about to enter upon a soldier's life. He was followed by the Rev. J. S. Bridford of West Dennis, who offered some advice to the boys as to their government of the "inner man."

The Rev. Fr. Downing, of Hyannis, was the next speaker, and although he started his remarks rather mildly, he soon "warmed up" and gave one of

Joshua B. Ashley and John C. Ring, the first of the men drafted from Nantucket to enter the army, are in Company G of the 302d Regiment.

"Private Swain" on Duty as "Kitchen Policeman."

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

I wish to thank you, for the boys, for sending "The Mirror" to each of us. We certainly appreciate receiving it direct and reading the news from home. A young man from Newton, who sleeps next to me, is quite as anxious for the paper as myself and it is a contest to see which has it first, although, he has never been to Nantucket.

Most of the boys here are from small towns and they all agree that The Inquirer and Mirror is the "snappiest" little paper in the state, in that it keeps in touch with its people and their doings, at home or in camp.

Two of the boys have been discharged, on account of disabilities and thirteen more came a week ago Friday, arriving in a rain storm, but I found them in good spirits on returning from the Adjutant's office (where I have been on detail for the past week) grouped around their bunks and making their beds in the end of the barracks set apart for the new men.

They were very fortunate in having a splendid luncheon served to them in the South Station by the ladies of the Red Cross. In fact, it seems quite like home in Company G at present. Most of us have found out that a happy man is merely an ordinary individual who has forgotten to think about his troubles and we do not intend to let "the burdens of tomorrow break the back of today."

Sunday is a holiday. We have anywhere from 200,000 to 300,000 visitors here and usually a few from home.

Last Sunday Leon A. Royal, his son Herbert, who came from Lynn, Herbert Thomas, of Brockton, and Charles C. Chadwick, of Nantucket, were visiting our barracks. The latter was shown with avidity the trench shoes with the hob nails and all the other paraphernalia, pertaining to the modern soldier. It is even rumored that "Charlie" picked out his favorite bed for occupancy on November 5.

In the afternoon, a former Nantucketer, Edgar M. Peavey, accompanied by his son, now located in Abington, appeared with a mysterious bag containing "smokes" and some fruit—for those who did not indulge—for the crowd. Many of the boys were absent in Boston and so missed the treat.

Of course, Mr. Editor, there are some disagreeable features about a soldier's life, but many pleasant things to compensate. I feel, in relating many of the little inside facts of camp life, I ought to commence with myself, or rather, my experience on detail as "kitchen police."

It is customary in the army to detail the men, in alphabetical order, for work in the kitchen, helping the cook and making themselves generally useful. The fact that extra kitchen po-

lice" duty is given as a form of disciplinary punishment is proof that the position is one in which it is hard for even the most optimistic to realize that "true greatness is to take the common things of life and walk bravely among them."

When my turn came, I was on detail for office work, but, the powers-that-be among the "pots and pans" under the able guidance of a Nantucket sergeant, J. B. Ashley, determined I should not escape—in fact, no one escapes.

My turn came last Saturday, which was an unfortunate day in camp. The night before a hard rain caused the chimney to smoke—in fact, no smoke came out. On investigation, it was ascertained the drafts were all open and even "Jabe" was at a loss as to the cause of the trouble.

Finally, it was suggested, by an experienced philosopher, that it was necessary to ascend to the roof and beat the chimney—a task a good deal like "felling the cat."

Two of us went up and performed this duty and the smoke once more belched forth from the tall galvanized chimney, but, getting back to "terra firma" was a difficult task. Following the advice of Shakespeare, who says "In case of two evils choose the lesser," I started across the roof, which was frosty—we have frosts every morning in camp—and the eventful thing happened. I started down the roof and, but for the timely hand of another "kitchen policeman" I should have presented the ignominious spectacle of being hurled into one of the dish-pans of water, set out for the morning wash.

To add to my discomfiture, the boys were all lined up for roll call watching this acrobatic performance as well as possible with "eyes front." Outwardly, all was calm, but, I know they were laughing within.

Toward noon I thought of the poem Earl Ray sent to you from Texas and I think if he has it for a "steady diet" like "Tweedle Dum" I say "ditto, ditto," to all his sentiments.

William Simpson, a Nantucket boy located near us in the Twenty-fifth Engineers, has been transferred elsewhere and is greatly missed among the boys—in fact, it seemed as though he actually belonged in our company.

Again thanking you and trusting to have something interesting next week, I am

Very sincerely,
Private Joseph M. Swain,
302d Inf., Co. G.,
Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.

With the Nantucket Boys at Camp.

Editor of the Inquirer and Mirror:

Many thanks for your continued interest in the boys. We all enjoy the paper each week and the news from home seems good to us.

Of course, you are interested in hearing the little incidents, which happen to each of us. Well, then! In fancy, take a trip to camp, as a "draftee". Picture yourself having just arrived and snugly tucked into your blankets preparatory to a good night's "snooze". Promptly at ten the lights will be turned off, "taps" having sounded, but a few minutes later you will suddenly be awakened, most likely coming from the "Nantucket corner" (the name given to that part of the barracks where the second quota, and most of the first, of our boys is located).

However, there is no cause for alarm. Bert Crocker is doubtless a victim of the practical joker and his bed has succumbed to the laws of gravitation.

All too soon you will awaken again. It may be the click of the pool balls—the "relief", in from guard duty, are amusing themselves in the recreation hall below, which contains a piano and musical entertainer and reading matter provided by the generosity of the folks at home, through the company fund—or it may be the whistle of the fast express from Boston.

Suddenly, you will hear a familiar voice in the midst of the stygian darkness: "Ashley, what time is it?" "Get up!" "What is the matter?" "I am cold." "Yes, it is cold as—," "quarter of five, time to get up." It is the voice of our newly-appointed corporal, "John," awakening to his duties as "kitchen police" for that day. In a short time, the hum of voices and moving forms announce the dawn of a new day in Co. G.

You will scarcely have time to dress before the whistle will blow and "Karl," the new duty sergeant, in charge of the quarters, will hustle you out for roll call or "reville."

Today is to-be inspection day and the quarters, the beds and the "company street," must be all "spick and span." Cots must be neatly covered, shoes cleaned and polished and placed at the foot of the bed, with suit cases at the head, and the "mess kits" must be laid out properly; otherwise, your name will be on the "long" list with an extra rifle to clean to the satisfaction of the officers. Nevertheless, this disciplinary punishment is a pleasure to "Wallace", who is an old hand at the game.

Later, dressed in your best, you will be lined up for inspection, if you are on time; if not, you may be able to hide behind "Edgar," who is a little late and keeping behind the corner of the barracks, awaiting a chance to get into "formation" unobserved.

Having passed through this trying ordeal, you will repair, with a good appetite, to the mess hall to sample the hot coffee and beefsteak, provided under the able "culinary artist," Sergeant Ashley.

You may be fortunate enough to have a seat next to "Franklin," who takes to the soldier life as easily as he counted the dollars at the Pacific Bank. If so, you will be entitled to some of the jelly, just received, from home; or Willie Main may give you some of the precious butter from the side of his kit.

You will indeed be fortunate if Karl Brockseiper is facing you, for "Karl" knows all the tricks of the army game and can easily procure a second, or even a third helping of oatmeal, with more than the usual amount of milk, and he always looks after the Nantucket boys.

But, you must not eat too much, for Eddie Whelden, the human alarm clock, is ticking to the tune of some scallops, with one of his funny rhymes, and Charlie Ryder has a loaf of cake. George Furber makes a good waiter and is as lively as ever.

Placid Earl Mayo is thinking of the two-seventy-five-per-gallon and the harvest they are reaping at home. While serious "Charlie" Vincent is not discontented or so much adverse to army life, he nevertheless has a fond vision of the girl he left behind.

Robert Nickerson, fresh from experience in the Militia, is already returning with his "mess kit" washed, and George Cummings is eagerly looking forward to some of those cigarettes of Lincoln Porte's (he having received five dollars worth from a girl friend).

"Linc" is sober—he misses his friend and looks forward to his coming; besides, he has discovered that beauty sometimes abdicates in favor of disagreeable realism, and a bed mattress is a poor place to hide a box of tempting, delicious fudge.

After a hard morning's drill in the wake of the pony squad led by the valiant little "Maurice," or an afternoon in the trenches, with Edgar, you will return to the solace of your bunk and the letters from home kindly placed there by the thoughtful room orderly, (for that day) Byron Mooney.

You will not envy Irvin Wyer his "crockery teeth"; Eddie Chadwick his easy morning at the hostler school, but will think with Euripides, "it is a good thing to be rich and a good thing to be strong, but, it is a better thing to be beloved by many friends."

Sincerely,

Private Joseph M. Swain.

302d Infantry, Co. G.,
Camp Devens, October 22, 1917.

Many Changes Have Occurred in Company G.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

"It beats everything the way they turn out soldiers up at 'Devens'; them modern fellers. Never saw a finer lookin' set of men," said an old farmer, near the road to Shirley, last week. He was referring to the 2nd Battalion of the 302d Infantry, Companies E, F, G and H, returning from their first review, held on the recreation ground, which was a grand success.

The ground was marked off with flags; each company had its own particular place, and each in turn, to the music of the regimental band, marched past the spot where the General sat astride of his magnificent horse "Winchester."

The entire company marched in two ranks. The General could look down the long line as it passed and readily detected the man who was too far forward and the one lagging to the rear, thus causing the line to "warp."

However, this day every man did his best and looked his best and certainly established a fine precedent for the ability of the enlisted man. It seemed, with the addition of the other regiments present, that, the first of the long column must have just about reached camp—three miles away—



JOSEPH M. SWAIN

when the order was given for the first two platoons of Company G. to turn the small "red flag" and break into double quick time along the duty road to camp.

It was Wallace Long's day as room orderly and he had not been privileged to be present. Wallace, even realized this, as he in an idle moment (it being near noon) held his pipe beneath the faucet and allowed the boiling water—the latest camp luxury—to trickle out of the stem of his pipe,

thereby cleaning his "doudine", which, with his accordion furnishes pleasure to Wallace anywhere.

He was plainly disturbed as he meditatively contemplated the long line of olive drab soldiers climbing the steep grade. It takes a great deal to disturb Wallace. The fact that we had two lady clerks in the "canteen" across the way (thus causing the pile of money—which attracted the attention of Mr. Hussey—to have a few "yellow backs" added to the prodigious heap) was more than enough to disturb most of us.

It was the fact that it was probably the last time we should all be together in Company G. Wallace, with his usual perspicacity, knew that many transfers were to take place and changes ensue. Of course, changes take place every day in Company G.

So far, but two of the Nantucket boys, had been placed elsewhere. Private Brockseiper was sent to the Depot Brigade; for the benefit of those who may not know, I'll state that this department is a sort of military clearing house, where men do "fatigue" work—clearing up, making roads, and are finally placed at various trades or mechanical positions, or are sent elsewhere. Edward Chadwick has been promoted to stable sergeant, which takes him away to the Headquarters' Company of the 302d Infantry.

Monday morning, or, in fact, Saturday—for the boys were notified and the majority given leave for the weekend; but not enough time for the Nantucket boys to come home—proved that Wallace was correct and he, with six other island boys—Earl Mayo, Lincoln Porte, Edgar Adams, Bert Crocker, Maurice Killen and Charles Ryder—left for Georgia, with fifty-five other boys that afternoon.

It seemed like the breaking up of a happy family and as the boys all lined up with suit cases, bundles, green and blue "duffle bags" and extra blankets, and shook hands with those who remained, tears were visible in most every eye—the first I have seen since entering the army game—which amply testified to the few pleasant days they had spent at Camp Devens.

One other Nantucket boy has been transferred—Robert C. Nickerson, to the heating and plumbing department.

Those of us who remain are anxiously looking forward, with pleasure and a warm welcome, for those who are to arrive this week, bringing the latest news from home.

Sincerely,

Lance Corp. Joseph M. Swain,
Co. G., 302d Infantry,
Camp Devens.

"Mess Kits" Now Discarded at Camp Devens.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Saturday is a quiet day in camp, a general "exodus" taking place. All the boys, except forty per cent., leave for home or, at least, a week-end trip to Boston, Lowell or Fitchburg.

The Railroad Company has built a small station as near the camp as practicable, so that one does not have to go to Ayer, about two miles away. The soldiers are all pleased with this arrangement, as it saves them from the clutches of the "jitney" drivers, who seems to be passing through the same experience as the Nantucket liverymen did with the Steamboat Company last summer. Even the auto trucks are opposing the fifteen cent fare and trying to bring it down to five cents.

We have had several fires in camp the last two weeks.

The barracks, which are entirely of wood lined with "beaver board," burn like tinder. In most cases oil stoves were responsible for the conflagrations. However, we now have the heat and many other improvements. The new system is excellent, in spite of the many pessimistic ideas expressed by one of our former companions, who had worked in the plumbing business and has since been rejected. The steam is constantly blowing off, in spite of the fact that we are some distance from the boiler plant.

We no longer use our "mess kits" at meals and are therefore spared the irksome task of going outside and washing our dishes. The tables are all set—tin dishes, to be sure, but with a waiter to serve you. It is, as "O. Henry" would say, "Self indulgent and gratifying without vulgar ostentation."

Camp life is by no means dull. The people located in the surrounding places are very thoughtful, especially in Fitchburg, which is a very busy industrial city, already feeling the impetus caused by the location of 40,000 persons within eleven miles.

Some of us boys have enjoyed many pleasant times at the Unitarian church there, which has been more than hospitable, inviting us to a Hallowe'en dance last week.

The young ladies did all in their power to give us an enjoyable time. I was elected speech maker for the occasion—probably because I was the only Nantucketer present—and after the generous donation to our company fund, through your able assistance, the boys all feel that Nantucket is a town one may justly feel proud of.

The party was voted a grand success and we all expressed our appreciation and came away with several mysterious packages. One of the boys carried a basket of apples and I had a box of doughnuts and cheese.

Arriving at camp in the early hours of the morning, the guards "held us

up" to search for intoxicants, which is the custom after hours.

Incidentally, they helped themselves to the apples, but took my word that I had nothing "contraband" in the box. After the second "challenge," near our barracks, the basket of apples was a fond memory; but the doughnuts and cheese was spared the ravages of the hungry sentinels and we enjoyed them before retiring.

The Nantucket boys are all doing excellently in the drill work and set a good example for the others. None are in the "awkward squad"; none are on detail for disciplinary punishment; none are in the "guard house"; though they miss the loved ones at home there are many pleasant friendships to compensate in camp life.

Sincerely,

Private Joseph M. Swain,
Co. G., 302d Inf.,

Camp Devens,
November '3d.

Dec. 19, 1936

In Memoriam.

To the memory of Mrs. Annie Smith and Mrs. Flora Dunham.

I was greatly grieved to learn by telegram and through the columns of The Inquirer and Mirror of the sudden deaths of these friends.

Twenty-seven years ago, through the recommendation of the pastor of the Unitarian Church, now deceased, I went to Nantucket to board with Mrs. Smith for the summer.

Her motherly sympathy for a young orphan school teacher won my love and year after year I returned. Our friendship never dimmed but deepened. It was her warm welcome and kindness that made me love Nantucket.

Mrs. Dunham and I became friends while serving together on the "apron table" in the "Fair" held every summer by the Ladies' Union Circle of the Congregational Church.

We had many talks together. I always looked forward to that day with the greatest of pleasure.

The memory of my friendship with these Christian friends, who had undying faith in God, will always remain a beautiful and helpful inspiration to me.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. Gertrude T. Pratt.
Washington, D. C.

Nantucket Boys in "A Day at the Trenches."

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Many thanks for your letter of recent date, enclosing the clipping of my last letter in the New Bedford Mercury. I think the progressive "Mercury" must realize the fact that it is far easier to relate the mishaps of others than our own.

Last week in camp was notable for two important events, namely: George Cummings' cake and the arrival of the "smokes" from home, through the generosity of R. G. Coffin and others.

It happened this way: George walked up the long flight of stairs, holding in both hands a large loaf of chocolate cake with "Good Luck" wrought on it in white letters of unusual size—the handiwork of the loved ones at home. It seemed like tears upon a dark and luscious background to the sentimental owner, who exhibited it with pride and satisfaction to the many envious eyes in the "Nantucket Corner."

When suddenly, with a "We'll give it luck" exclamation, Eddie Whelden, with his sheath knife, spread devastation through this wonderful specimen of the culinary art. It was fine!

However, we must not spend much time in levity for tomorrow is our turn at the trenches. Each company takes its turn at construction and the shovels, picks and axes are all neatly piled up for our turn on the morrow.

Those of us who are "veterans of a month," are careful to select picks. Edgar Adams, however, partly from habit, partly from inclination, carefully chooses a shovel. Most of the "six footers" take the axes, knowing from previous experience, that few trees will be felled and they will be in only on the second shift and will have time for diversion in football, between the shifts.

All too soon the whistle blows and the command "Fall in!" is given by the Sergeant and the men are lined up in double rank formation, each with the trench implement of his choice.

"Count off!" bawls the Sergeant and immediately comes the snappy (for it must be snappy) "one, two, three, four; one, two, three, four" and so on down the long line of 270 men, each man "snapping" eyes front, as he gives his number. The numbers "one and "four" are the "pivot" men. The command, "Squads Right!" rings out on the clear morning air, and even the new men hold their "pivots" like the British veterans in a Bermudian "guard mount" and the long line swings simultaneously at right angles in files of four and the long hike to the "trenches" is commenced.

The officer in command takes up the cadence "one, two, three, four"; "keep step;" "pick it up there"; and after passing the "Depot Brigade," there is a long line of soldiers, each with a blue or green bag on his back contain-

ing his worldly belongings, and keeping step to the music of the Brigade band, his destination unknown—perhaps for Georgia; perhaps—even for France.

You will be told that this is almost a daily occurrence here, where none know what a day may bring forth.

Soon the immense water towers loom in sight, which seem a "mecca" to the "pony squad", which brings up the rear. The command "route step" is given, which permits the men to talk, sing or whistle, and incidentally, for the larger men to set a pace which keeps "Maurice's" legs moving like the pendulum of an eight-day clock, when the weight is suddenly removed.

At last you see the trenches under construction, long lines of deep furrows winding in and out of the woods, and hear the clang of picks and shovels.

The men with the shovels are ordered in and they commence work at once. Edgar Adams looks over to where George Furber is lost in the cloud of sand and dust, then turns to me for advice, during a moment of rest, and in that methodical and pessimistic way of his says, "Who would have thought when we were in Nantucket that you would be doing this?"

Then, I must play the part of adviser, for this army "game" is one in which I am fast becoming proficient. Having had some experience with "postoffice rules" I can give him the "right lead" for the army, finally cheering him up with the advice of a young lady friend of mine, in the words of an old song: "Pack all your troubles in the blue kit bag and smile! smile! forget it!"

"Let's go in the woods and hunt for chestnuts," is my final solution for the more difficult problems.

Usually I stay away alone and, on returning, "George", in a tone of authority made possible by trying to keep pace with the tall "Byron", wishes to know if I "am a privileged character here, anyway."

At last the final call is given and the men leave their work for the return with lusty appetites to do vengeance to "Ashley's" humble repast—for "Ashley" has been busy all day, cudgling his brains on what to mete out to satisfy the "mal contents" and keep within the thirty-nine cents per man, allowed him. We are still all fighting hard the fallacy in the poem written by "Tony Forne", the "Rhyme Juggler of Plymouth," "Be glad you are fighting for the U. S. A."—a stanza of which I enclose:

It's unbearable—the awful hunger
Sergeant Ashley makes us endure,
While the other company's have the
best food that they can secure.
We have meat embalmed with drugs
and "dope,"

"Hot dogs" that bark,
Bread called fresh, right from "Noah's Ark."

If after a meal, sick you feel, free
operation at the "Base Hospital," but
say,

Be thankful that you are fighting
for the U. S. A.

Sincerely,

Private Joseph M. Swain,
302d Inf., Co. G.,

Camp Devens,
October 30.

Sergeant Ashley to Private Whelden:

Some fellows trouble me day after
day,
Rushing for "chow" in a cannibalistic
way,
Sunshine or rain, poor or good feeds
on,
The culprit that troubles me most is
one Private Whelden,
He rushes from formations, takes his
place at the door,
Ready to dash down the "mess" room
floor,
He stops at the table and gets right
to work,
But this is one thing that "Ed" does
not shirk.
He empties the dishes and hollers for
more,
And if he doesn't get it he is always
sore.
So now 'tis New Year's, the present
most fit
For Whelden, I think, is a larger
"mess kit."

The next interesting episode was
the following:

From the Boys to Sergeant Ashley:

A terrible "grub" is one thing in this
life
That is liable, at any time, to cause
strife,
Now Sergeant, 'tis Christmas and
New Year's is near,
There are two things we ask for, and
we all are sincere,
Perhaps you did not have them on
Nantucket's shore,
Remember you may be in civilization
once more,
So in case you have not seen them you
may guess the two,
In case we do not get them, may God
help you.

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Sections of Nantucket's Liberty Day Parade, October 25, 1917



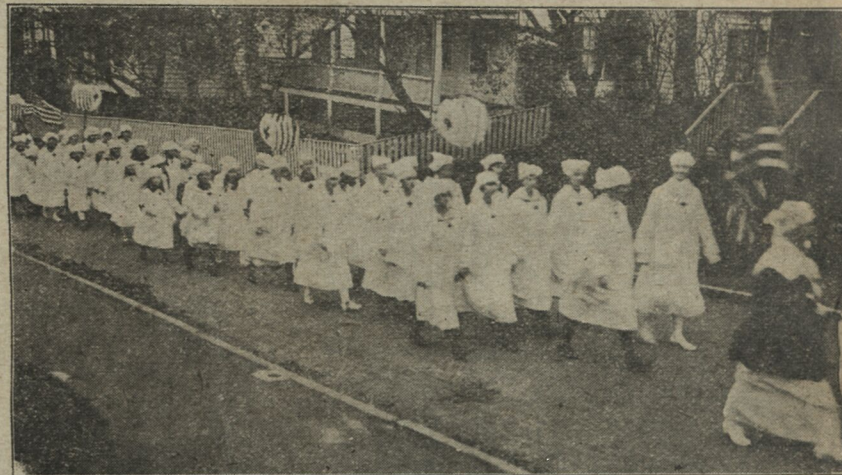
The Grand Army Veterans, Ladies of the Relief Corps and Daughters of the American Revolution Rode in Style.



The Ladies of the Red Cross Auxiliary, with Rev. Mr. Van Ommeren, Henry S. Wyer and Rev. Samuel Snelling leading.



The Naval Reserves Led the Longest Parade Ever Held on Nantucket. The Two Grand Army Veterans Who Walked—G. Howard Winslow and William A. Barrett—are Behind the Reservists.



The Girls of the Junior Red Cross Auxiliary Passing up Centre Street in the Wake of Their Elders.



The Boy Scouts Had Their Own Drum Corps and They Were Quite a Noticeable Feature in the Parade in Consequence.



The Parade Passing up Main Street. Masons in foreground, with Odd Fellows and Red Men approaching in the distance. When the marshal was turning into Pleasant street the end of parade had not turned South Water.

From the Nantucket Boys at Camps Devens and Gordon.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

It is hard for those of us who remain, to get accustomed to the changes which occur at such short notice here in camp. The other day we were notified that it would be necessary to change barracks, as another company was to occupy the building we were then in, and were already moving in.

Accordingly, we packed our belongings—suit cases, blankets and guns, mattresses, etc.—and placed them outside until we were assigned places in our new quarters across the street. The change was made in order to bring our battalion of four companies together.

We certainly looked like "new arrivals" at "Ellis Island" for the time being. However, at last we were settled, with the result that part of the Nantucket boys are in one building and the rest in another—a further separation.

To add to our disappointment, the ten who recently arrived from home are still in the 33d Co., 151st regiment, 9th Battalion, Depot Brigade, and, as yet, have not been assigned to any company.

I was made aware of their arrival, however, by the beaming countenance of Solomon Ackaway, who paraded in to our barracks with a new overcoat—something I have just received, after waiting two months. He greeted us with his usual smile, child-like and bland, and informed us—who were tired from a hard day's tramp, and weary from "long point," "short point," "jab point" and the rest of the bayonet drill—that he was having it very easy, with "nothing to do."

To some of your readers, it may perhaps seem strange that it takes so long to find people here in camp; but when one considers that the cantonment contains about 40,000 persons and covers many miles and is quite difficult to "navigate," [so difficult, in fact, that it makes me think of the story of the boy and the elephant. The elephant had knocked his hat off and taking a stick, the boy looked wonderingly at the beast and said: "If I knew which was your head and which was your tail, I would give you a good thrashing."]

Quite a few of us cannot make head nor tail of the camp yet. Bert Crocker was actually lost several times while here, but only for the time being. A Nantucketer soon finds the proper "latitude and longitude" and governs himself accordingly.

Word was received yesterday from the boys who went to Camp Gordon, at Atlanta, Ga., in a letter from Lincoln Porte describing the trip, in which he says:

Nov. 15, 1917.

To the Nantucket Boys at Camp Devens.

My dear Friends:

Today finds us in Camp Gordon, Ga., many miles away from you fellows, and the majority of us separated and placed in different companies. I am the only Nantucket fellow in this company and, you can believe me, I am some lonesome after living in the "Nantucket corner" at Camp Devens.

We arrived here safely this morning (Thursday) at 5.45 o'clock, after a long and tiresome but interesting journey.

The majority of the Co. G. fellows were extremely lucky when we boarded the train at Camp Devens, because we happened to get into the best Pullman car on the train. Mayo, Long, Killen and myself were in the same Pullman and enjoyed all the comforts and conveniences one could wish for, while fellows in the other cars envied us.

Adams, Crocker and Ryder were separated and placed in different cars. Whenever they could get by the guard they would come and see us. The train was made up of fourteen cars and our car was the only one with berths and electric lights. Candles and lamps were used in the other cars.

A baggage car was used for a kitchen and was equipped with all the facilities for feeding a regiment. Our meals were served to us by waiters twice a day, right in our seats: at 10 a. m. and 4.30 p. m.

The fellows took turns as waiters. "Bert" Crocker had rather hard luck when he was a waiter; he was walking down the aisle with a bucket of hot beef stew, when suddenly the car gave a lurch and he and the bucket of stew went sprawling all over the floor.

We made several stops coming

down, but Washington, D. C., and Abbeville, S. C., were the only places that we were allowed to get off the train. At Washington we lined up in regular squad formation and were taken on a two-mile hike up to the Capitol and back. Most of us were stiff from sitting still so long, but the march took the stiffness all out of us. Upon our return the Red Cross girls were in evidence, as usual, with buns, rolls and hot coffee for us, which we all enjoyed and greatly appreciated.

When we arrived at Abbeville, S. C., we were all ordered out and taken on a hike around the town. Everybody in the town turned out to greet us. We stayed there about an hour and cleaned the town out of about everything it had to eat.

Well, boys, when you are out exercising some of those cold, frosty mornings, with hat, coat and shirt off, just picture us down here taking a sunbath. The weather here today is delightful.

In my next letter I'll tell you something about the camp and our duties.

Believing this letter would interest the folks at home, I am going to ask you to send it along with "Joe's" to the Inquirer and Mirror.

All send kind regards and hearty good wishes.

Very sincerely,

Lincoln Porte.

Co. F, 327th Inf.,
Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga.

The boys there are all separated, almost as much as we are from them, with no two in the same regiment.

Charles E. Ryder is in the 328th Infantry, Co. K.

Earl Mayo in the 325th Infantry, Co. D.

Bert Crocker is in the Ambulance Co., 328th A. D.

If you wish to locate anyone in the evening in camp the better course is to proceed to the Y. M. C. A., or to one of them, for there are many.

The Y. M. C. A. plays an important part in the social life of the soldier, always well patronized to overflowing—in fact, one of the disadvantages is, that it is hard to find available space, even standing room being at a premium. Here, free writing materials are furnished and a continual reminder to the soldier to write home, and thus the home ties are constantly tightened. Free movies and beginners, as well as advanced, French is taught under the auspices of the Association.

Among other methods of instruction, they have a modern machine called the Stereomograph, placed there by the United Committee on War Temperance, which contains an endless chain of pictures dealing with the liquor problem, in every conceivable form—certainly a most convincing argument to the rational and thinking mind. Many pause before this machine and read the admonitions and view the pictures, who might not take kindly to any other means of combatting this problem.

The "sticks" are not used for drilling now. We have each received a new Enfield rifle and are to take our turn at target practice sometime this week. Part of the company work the targets in the "butts" while the other half shoot. In my next letter I will describe a day on the range.

Sincerely,

Joseph M. Swain,

Company G,
302d Infantry, Camp Devens.

Nantucket Boy Wonders Why They Call it "Sunny France."

Mrs. W. Byron Snow has received the following interesting letter from her brother, Philip McGrath, who is now "somewhere in France" with the 102d Machine Gun Battalion, in Company A. He writes:

"I arrived safe and feel fine. Am having as good a time as I can and that is not much.

Now for the trip over. We left Framingham on Friday, September 21. The next morning we disembarked outside of New York city. Were put aboard a large excursion steamer and sailed up the east river to Hoboken, N. J., where we went aboard the transport "Antilles." (This transport was sunk by a submarine on its return trip to America, after we had been landed at a French port.)

We ran into a storm on Monday after leaving New York, Sunday afternoon, and poor weather continued a greater part of the time until our arrival at the French port on Friday, October 15th—twelve days out of New York.

We came in sight of land at nine o'clock Friday morning, dropped anchor at eleven, and later proceeded on our way, arriving at the dock at eight o'clock Friday night. Then we went into temporary camps not far from the landing.

Now, believe me, that was some trip. Most of the boys were seasick going over, although some of them were able to do guard duty. We did not see any submarines, but you can imagine how you would feel 20 feet below water and all ready to go to sleep, when some wise guy would say there was a submarine around. Gee! What a feeling would go through you! Then you would see the boys with blankets and life-belts bound for the deck. When you would ask them where they were going, they were always seasick.

For four nights I did not go to sleep at all, but played cards all night. When we arrived, I thought I was going to see some country, but all I have seen so far is rain and mud and they call it "sunny France!" We are all ready to do anything Uncle Sam demands, but give me the good old U. S. A.

I am sitting in the Y. M. C. A. writing this and believe me, it is some cold, as the wood is not plentiful here. We have to walk about five miles after it, so when we get it you may be sure it looks like a gold mine and you guard it carefully so it will not be wasted.

I guess you will get this letter in about two weeks. When you send anything be sure and send candy, tobacco and fruit cake, for that is what we need mostly.

I hate to close but will have to, remember me to all the boys and the family.

Good-bye, with love,
Philip M. McGrath,

102 Machine Gun Battalion, Co. A.
Via New York.
American Expeditionary Forces.

Tips About the Nantucket Boys at Camp Gordon.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Having had the pleasure of being acquainted with the Nantucket boys in Camps Devens and Gordon and heard so much about the so-called "Mirror", I would like to ask you if you can find space in your paper for a few lines regarding the Nantucket boys here.

Earl Mayo had rather a thrilling experience last Saturday and Sunday, he being detailed on special guard duty, guarding the warehouses at the railroad tracks of the camp, with the thermometer at 8 above zero and the snow flying. He thought at first that it was cotton blowing from the nearby fields, until his fingers began to freeze, and then he realized that he was having Nantucket weather here.

Sunday found Maurice Killen in the kitchen, working from 6 a. m. until 9 p. m. It was supposed to be his day of rest, but instead of that, he was up to his neck in work all day, washing dishes, peeling potatoes and waiting on tables, and he has proved himself some kitchen mechanic.

The same day there was a call for ten husky volunteers to go for a load of coal at the coal yard a mile and a half away. Charles Ryder was one of the first to volunteer, he being used to handling mules. There were four mules and nine men who went after a ton of coal, and on their return Ryder didn't stop to unload but made a dive for the quilts and remained there until chow call.

The evenings generally find Adams doing the most of his work, such as cleaning his rifle. After finishing his work he makes a hasty departure for the burlesque show. The manager offered him a season ticket, at reduced rates, but he refused the offer because he did not know how long he would be here. As his wages are only one dollar a day, he told the manager he would think it over and let him know pay day.

Lincoln Porte is generally located at the Y. M. C. A. writing letters (to keep the postoffice clerks busy, as he used to be kept busy himself when working in that capacity, previous to his joining the army) and keeping the home folks and his lady friends well informed as to what the boys are doing. He has such a large correspondence that the Y. M. C. A. officials had to send for another carload of writing materials.

Evenings find Wallace Long at one of the Knights of Columbus huts, with his pipe steamed up like the narrow gauge coaling up before leaving Nantucket for 'Sconset. But he misses his week-end trips to Back Bay. Nothing worries him, however, only that he can't go aft to see his little gray cat and his Nantucket property.

Owing to "Bert" Crocker living some distance from us, we don't see much of him, but upon his last appearance here he informed us that he was an attendant in the medical corps. The boys wonder if he will continue in this line of work upon his return home, as he doubtless will become quite proficient by that time.

Some fine day when all is settled they hope to return with Mayo at the wheel, Crocker and Adams on deck; they will Ryder a Long way into Porte and tie up at Killen's wharf, to be home and among friends once more.

Very truly yours,

Richard E. Norris.

Co. K, 328th Inf.,
Camp Gordon, Ga.

CAMP DEVENS, U. S. A.

Company "G" of the 302nd Infantry, the cream of the world,
Is drilling day and night beneath the stars and stripes unfurled,
Planning to get into "No Man's Land," either by land, sea or shore,
And tear the enemies lines and trenches 'mid the cannon roar.
With air crafts that can fly and soar with anything on high,
Are ready to drop bombs on "Kaiser Bill," right in it, to do or die.
The drafted men are growing stronger and more powerful every day,
With the training they are getting at Camp Devens, U. S. A.

The shortage of food and other troubles makes it tough for plain folks to endure,
While the soldiers at camp have the best that they can secure.
They get "mystery hash" combined by Sergeant "Hashley's" cranks,
Which keeps a lively rumble and commotion in their tanks.
Next comes "chow" mixed with dope and crumbs, also hot dogs that bark,
Real foodstuff fresh from the farm of Good Old Noak's Ark,
When sick you feel after a meal, free operations at the Base Hospital, say,
There is nothing that can beat the eats at Camp Devens, U. S. A.

We need no battalions of war in this land of sun and flowers
Because Company "G" is full of the pep that fear not the Central Powers.
In case the enemy came upon us and shot off a gun
We would send the mighty Corp. Webster after 'em, then you'd see 'em run.
And if that mighty man couldn't fix them, draw a peaceful breath,
For "Human Alarm" Eddie could sing them all to death
And you could hear his voice echo from here ten miles away,
Ever ready for business at Camp Devens, U. S. A.

Snow and Ice at Camp Gordon in Georgia.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Owing to the unusual amount of snow and cold weather that visited this camp last week, all out door drilling was temporarily dispensed with, which made our day's work a little easier. Of course we had our regular drilling, but it was all done in the barracks. However, most of us had rather drill in the barracks, because periods of rest are given more frequently than when out on the drill field, and not only that, but in-door drilling doesn't seem to grow so irksome as out-door drilling.

There was so much ice around last week that the roads got in such a perilous condition that mules couldn't be used as usual to draw the supply wagons, so some of us fellows had to play donkey and pull the huge wagons around full of supplies and deliver them to the different barracks. The roads were some slippery too, but man power is always plentiful in camp, so it was made good use of. I was one of the detailed ones to play mule, but can't say the job appealed to me. Work in the army is sometimes hard and distasteful, but is generally carried out in good humor.

Snow-covered hills were numerous here last week, so some of the boys made double runner sleds and excellent coasting was enjoyed. And yet it is called the "sunny south"!

The first of the week came around warm again and melted away most of the snow and ice and Monday saw the resumption of military activity in all branches of the service and everything once again was in full operation. Because of last week's delay in training, this week finds the drilling more intensive.

Our company was scheduled to go to the rifle range this week, but unfavorable weather necessitated a postponement in the date set. We are all anxious to try our luck at the bull's-eye and hope we will make as good a showing as some of the Nantucket boys at Devens did.

Now that we have become familiar with the handling of the rifle, we are taking up bayonet work. In battle the bayonet is used by the infantrymen and it depends largely upon their skill acquired in the use of the bayonet "whether or not they come home to supper some night"—that is, if they are in active battle. At present we are just having bayonet exercises, but soon attacks against dummies will be practiced. Most of us had bayonet exercises at Devens, but a new system is about the same as beginning all over again.

All of us tried our utmost for a furlough to go home for Christmas but 36 hours is the longest leave of absence they will give us, so all hopes of

getting home this Christmas have been abandoned. We are all sorry and disappointed, because we would like so much to spend the holiday at home.

None of us have received last week's Mirror yet. Probably the delay is due to the Christmas rush in the mails.

Hoping you all had a Merry Christmas and may the New Year bring you full measure of happiness and prosperity is the wish this letter conveys.

Very sincerely,

Lincoln Porte.

Camp Gordon, Ga.,
Dec. 21st.

Porte Tells About Going to Rifle Range.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Since my last letter to you we have made a couple of trips to the rifle range, which is situated about eight miles from here. The night before going out to the range all lights in the barracks are turned out at 8.30 promptly, because we have to rise at 4.30, so to get an early start.

Breakfast is served at 5 o'clock and after breakfast we get together the things we need, such as mess kit, toilet articles, etc., and put them in our blankets, then roll up the two blankets we are required to take and tie up the ends securely, so nothing can fall out. Then they are ready to go over our shoulders.

The Corporal of each squad has to make up another blanket roll, consisting of either a blanket or a comforter for each man in his squad, which goes out on the supply wagon.

About 6.30 we line up in regular squad formation, with our blanket roll and rifle, and the long march to the range is commenced. The roads are generally rough and in bad condition and by the time we arrive there we are all pretty tired, but that makes no difference in the army.

Tents are used to live in out there and immediately upon our arrival each squad is assigned to a tent, which has eight cots, eight straw mattresses and a small open air stove in it. Then is when you experience real army life. Water is scarce out there and when you want to wash you have to walk about three quarters of a mile to a little muddy brook which is used for that purpose.

As soon as we get located and our things straightened out, some men are detailed to help get dinner, some detailed for guard duty, and others to do general work that is necessary around the camp. The rest of us then go to the range.

Each company has a certain number of targets and a corresponding number of men are detailed to go in pits and operate the targets while the rest of us shoot; then we alternate—those who were in the pits come out and shoot and the fellows who have shot then take their turn in the pits.

The 100, 200 and 300-yard target is what is used mostly. Each man fires fifteen times at the 100, 200 and 300-yard target. All of us did fairly good work. It is needless for me to explain how the targets are operated or about the scoring, as Private Swain has already explained it in one of his letters.

In the army, shifts and changes are everyday events. If I have changed my sleeping quarters once I have changed them forty times since I have been here. The last move I made was to a very musical corner—only at night though. On one side of me there is a fellow who snores all night and who nearly "raises the roof;" on the other side of me is a fellow who grinds his teeth all night, and directly opposite me is a fellow who talks in his sleep.

With a fellow grinding his teeth and another fellow shouting, "Squads right!" and "Squads left!" and "to the rear march!" just as you are falling off to sleep, is rather annoying, especially after a day of strenuous drilling. I must confess, though, that I was quite familiar with the sound of teeth grinding, because up at Camp Devens I used to sleep next to George Furber, who used to have a nice time grinding his teeth.

All send kind regards and hearty good wishes.

Very sincerely,

Lincoln Porte.

Co. F, 327th Infantry,
Camp Gordon, Ga.

Wallace Long Describes Life at Camp Gordon.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Will you kindly permit me space in your columns for a few lines which I think may interest your readers? Having, as Lincoln Porte has said, "roamed" pretty much over the camp, I have noticed many phases of camp life while here, which partake of the Southern manners.

One in particular is the habit of the members of the negro regiments here of collecting every stray piece of wood and keeping a camp fire burning, to which they "stick" every spare minute. Some of them are real "darkies", genuine southern types. It is a treat to hear them sing while on a "hike." They are very patient and happy-go-lucky troops.

Among the men here are those representing all the principal nations. In strolling around inside the big Y. M. C. A. buildings one may see men with newspapers printed in the Russian, Greek, Jewish, Armenian, Syrian, Italian, Swedish, Finnish and French languages, all eagerly scanning them for "war news."

We have a Sicilian in our company whose "English" may be said to "speak for itself." In speaking of the Atlanta "shows" he said, "The show who was charge fifty cents, no was good, the best one was charge you free."

The young people of Atlanta visit the "Y's" in camp nearly every evening and render excellent musical and literary programs. At the "Y" Friday evening I saw a four-part "movie" entitled "Mothers of France," in which Mme. Sara Bernhardt is the heroine. It is a great reel and will probably be shown in every "Y" in camp. The "Y's" may rightly be called the "life of the camp."

The officers have that "style" of speech peculiar to the people of the South. We found it quite difficult to understand them at first. They tell us it is the coldest winter the South has experienced for many years.

There are many homes of the negroes in the vicinity of the camp, which are picturesque, though they show the extremes of poverty.

On hikes we passed innumerable fields of cotton in which they were at work "picking." Oftentimes our boys would be singing "I wish I was in the land of cotton," which would cause them to look up and greet us with the real broad negro smile, showing teeth which equalled the cotton in whiteness.

At a turn of the country road, while on our first hike here, we saw under a very large oak several graves hedged around by bushes and small rocks. They were said to be the graves of some who fell in the battle of Atlanta in the Civil War.

All lines of trade are represented in camp, but musicians (both amateur and professional) predominate. At the "Y's" during Sunday services they have no difficulty in picking out a pianist. There are also many violinists who volunteer on different Sundays. There are innumerable excellent quartettes throughout the camp.

Some of the "furniture" made here in camp would do credit (?) to a "Chippendale." While visiting Porte one Sunday I saw one of the "creations." Upon inquiry, he smilingly said "I think it's a writing-desk!" Certainly, "Necessity is the mother of invention." We have a writing table which is carried from one end of the barracks to the other, as it is wanted—both up and down stairs. It is used by officers and privates alike. Most of the carpentering here is done with an axe and a saw.

I was one of the "kitchen police" the day before Thanksgiving. They are the cooks' helpers. There were six of us and six cooks. We prepared twenty-eight large turkeys for roasting, and two-thirds of a barrel of cranberries were stewed for sauce. Other things on the menu were in proportion. A two bushel sack of potatoes is used in an average meal for the company.

There are several large mule "corrals" near our barracks. The mules have a fixed time for "braying" in the morning. They anticipate the reveille bugle by about 10 minutes. Sometime ago I saw a team of four of them, hitched to an army wagon, run away. The wagon had a cargo of several cans of garbage from the kitchens. They turned from the road down the steep bank, causing the wagon to land on its "beam ends." The driver left the "ship" at the first signs of speed—he knew "her" tendency to "yaw." You

can imagine the result. The mules ran in between two large trees, where, the two forward ones becoming wedged, they stopped.

They did not even want to back out to clear themselves—the proverbial obstinacy of the mule. Let them once slip down on the icy roads, they would right themselves and refuse to take another step ahead, which accounts for the boys having to drag the wagons.

The methods of decorating the grounds adjoining the barracks are quite unique. One sees the outline of a large heart made of big paving stones—the stones, set in the ground and inside being the company's letter, number, etc. Greek and Roman crosses are much in evidence. After the stones are set the tops are white-washed often. They do not compare with the decorations at "Devens", which showed some real original ideas. There's no "getting to windward" of the Bay State!

The soil here is mostly clay and presents a variety of color. Some is of a strong yellow, but mostly, in the roads made by the engineers, it is of a dull red and reddish purple, equal, I think, to the colors of that found at Gay Head.

The people of Atlanta show the proverbial Southern hospitality toward the Camp Gordon boys, who visit their city. Many of the company were guests at dinner in Atlanta homes on Christmas Day. Camp life is not devoid of pleasant features but the "letter from home" is a leading one and the arrival of the "Mirror" in the pink wrapper, the closest second. On meeting one another of the home boys, the first question is "Have you got the last Mirror yet?"

The alarm of "fire!" is given occasionally, to drill us in leaving the barracks promptly. The last "false alarm" was given when we were half through breakfast. Many brought the remainder of their breakfasts out with them in their "mess kits." Not even the cry of "fire" would separate them from their "chow."

May I express the thanks of the boys and myself for the handsome Christmas number of the Mirror and the Nantucket Calendars. I was proud to show them to my friends in the barracks, as being representative of my home town and its "up to the minute" paper. Though the boys here get papers from their homes in many states, there were none which compared in the least way with the souvenir number of the "Mirror." I think few other publications made any attempt to get out a Christmas number.

The marine views were particularly interesting to many who belong inland, especially so to our Sergeant, who "hails" from "Missouri." I was glad to divert my mind to its columns, with the "yarns" of the "old school" sailors, of whom Capt. Grant was so characteristic. Verily, Nantucket's old skippers will be missed. Like the "bold peasantry" in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," they "when once destroyed, can never be supplied."

I loaned the paper to a fellow from Fall River. He kept it several days and I am sure read everything in its columns. He was much interested in the story of the "Spanish bell." It is almost an epitome of the island's history, both in picture and print.

May the "Mirror's" pages long continue to cheer those who may be absent from their island home.

Always sincerely yours,
W. N. Long.

Co. L, 326th Infantry,
Camp Gordon, Ga., Jan. 5th.

Corporal Porte Sends Interesting Letter from Camp Gordon.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Winter has come and gone and spring, with its warm sunshine and gentle breezes, finds us still here, in spite of the many rumors circulated that we were going to move. Even though we had an unusually severe winter here we seem to be having an unusually warm and early spring. Lately the weather has been real warm and before many weeks hot weather will prevail.

Last week we spent three days out digging and constructing the various types of trenches. It is quite hard work, but interesting at that. Each platoon of a company has a certain section to dig and construct.

We are having considerable practice in bayonet fighting and in bomb and hand grenade throwing; and also are practicing the different methods of attack and defense, all under instruction of English and French officers. In bayonet work dummies are used for practice. Each man stands behind a dummy and practices the different kind of thrusts he is to use when in action. The vital parts of the body are marked on the dummy and you are to thrust only at the part that is designated. In our grenade work we use the uncharged missile for practice and are fast developing the art. Work is being intensified here and we are being pushed to the limit. The adaptability of us fellows to all circumstances has been clearly shown and all the Nantucket boys here are doing nice work.

Night hikes form part of our weekly program now. We go on a six or eight-mile hike one night a week. That is done to get us accustomed to marching in the dark. Talking and whistling on the hike are forbidden because they want to get us in the habit of marching without making a noise. A troop of soldiers making a noise while on the march could be easily located by the enemy.

An order was issued last week in this regiment that everybody must have their hair clipped off, so we lost no time in complying with the order, because we knew failure to do so would mean punishment. We certainly are a funny looking bunch, but why worry?

Much interest in baseball among the soldiers is manifest, and some fast teams have already been organized. Games are played real often during spare moments.

All the boys send kind regards and best wishes.

Very sincerely,

Corporal Lincoln Porte.

Co. F, 327th Inf.

Camp Gordon, March 10th.

Letter From John Duffy, Who is "Over There."

Following are some extracts from a letter sent by John M. Duffy to his mother in Nantucket, written from "over there":

Somewhere in France.

Dear Mother:

I hope you are all right and had a good Christmas. I had mine on board of the ship. It was a pretty good dinner, but not like you would get on shore.

A great many of the boys were seasick all the way over, for it was pretty rough for a few days. I didn't get sick, but a little funny for a while.

We had good, warm weather all the way after we left New York, for it was pretty cold when we left the states.

We stay up most all night and play cards, read and talk, for you cannot smoke after sun-down.

I went to a French church this morning to mass. The priest gave a sermon, but you could not understand what he said. We have quite a time to make the people understand.

We had a little excitement on the way over on the boat for an hour or so. We are lucky we all got here safely.

All the houses here are built of stone; you don't see any wooden houses. We are near a small town. The streets are narrow and awfully dirty. The people wear wooden shoes and they make some noise walking around.

I saw a friend who was at Camp Lewis with me this morning in church; he was on a different transport.

I got your letter today and was glad to hear from you. I received nine letters from my wife.

We have school four hours a day, except Saturday afternoon and Sunday. When we are in school we study how to take care of the different parts of the body in a human being. We get three long marches a day in snow and rain.

We have moved three times since we have been in France. The first town we were in it was snowing or raining about all the time. But this place is swell—not much cold weather.

Every Monday is market day here, about the same as they have in Ireland. They have it outside of our barracks.

Tell father if he wants to send me anything, he can send some smoking tobacco, for the French tobacco is so strong that we cannot smoke it. That is the best thing you can send me. My wife sent me a box for Christmas, but I have not received it yet.

We have been staying in a hotel until the barracks was fixed for us. Our next move will be into the hospital to finish our training.

We have good, plain food and we get sugar and butter. We have a pretty good place to sleep. The nights are long and lonesome, for there is no place to go. We do not have much light—only a few candles to see by—and it is pretty hard to write at night by candle light.

Well, mother, I will close now, hoping to hear from you soon. Give my love to all the family and all my Nantucket friends.

From your loving son,

John Duffy.

161 Ambulance Co., 116 Sant. Fr.,
A. E. F., France.

Nantucket Boy Dies in Service in France.

The first Nantucketer to lay down his life in active service at the front in France was Byron L. Sylvaro, the announcement of whose death was received by his widowed mother on Monday, from the authorities at Washington. Sylvaro was listed as "died of wounds received in active service," but no details have been received.

Sylvaro was one of seven young men selected last November, going to Camp Devens on the 14th of the month, together with Solomon Ackaway, Howard F. Coffin, Charles C. Chadwick, Patrick J. McGrath, Nicholas Von Til and Walter L. Ramsdell. Since he left he has not had opportunity to come home and several months ago he was sent to France.

Byron L. Sylvaro was born in Nantucket, April 27, 1895, the son of Nellie M. and the late Charles R. Sylvaro. Besides his widowed mother, he is survived by an older brother, Alban K. Sylvaro.

Nantucket Boy Writes From the Front.

We are in receipt of the following letter from Philip McGrath, written from the front in France on July 13th, just after he had received the copy of The Inquirer and Mirror telling about the Red Cross drive. As will be seen by the tone of McGrath's letter—and also that of Lincoln Porte—the boys appreciate what the Red Cross is doing and the good work seems to be uppermost in their minds when they write home.

At the Front,
July 13, 1918.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Just a line to let you know how I appreciate your interesting weekly newspaper. I have just received two copies of it this morning and you bet they came in very good as they have all the news a fellow wants and is forever looking forward to receive, as news is welcome at all times.

I have just been reading about the wonderful success of the Red Cross drive and of how they went over the top with the honor flag. I have been looking at the Red Cross advertisement and the one that was contributed by the Island Service Co., which I think was very good, as the company welcomes the chance to come forward and give freely and gladly, for every cent that is going to the Red Cross will give them the encouragement to keep up the good work, and they will pass the encouragement along to the boys who are giving their all for freedom.

If they could only go up to the front line and see the work the Red Cross men and women are doing, they would not have to be asked to give, but would deprive their body to give, so as to help some poor fellow who is out of luck and is wounded, to be sent to the rear for proper care.

The last time we were relieved in the trenches, as we were walking along the road, the division that was doing the relieving was coming along the same road as we were on, so as they passed I asked one of the men what division it was and he told me. Then I asked him what company it was and he also told me.

What a thrill went through my body, for I knew that there were some Nantucket boys among them and I had a longing to cry out, but that would not do, so I had to keep on going to the rear.

You can tell the relatives of Lincoln Porte, Maurice Killen and Edgar Adams not to worry, for where they went in is not bad, and that they will come out safe and sound the same as myself.

I have been over here nine months and out of the nine I have spent six of them in the trenches and expect to be there again. I am feeling better every day. I have a service stripe of gold and will soon have my second to put on.

It sure will look strange when we get back home, to get off the boat and see a line of motor cars along the plank walk and then see them running around the town.

I will close now, hoping that this letter will find you in the best of health and the good old island progressing as ever.

I remain very truly yours,
Philip M. McGrath,
102 Machine Gun Battalion, Co. A.,
A. E. F., France.

Letters from Lincoln Porte Are Interesting.

Relatives of Corporal Lincoln Porte, who is with the American Expeditionary Forces in France, have received some interesting letters from him the past week, in which he writes:

Somewhere in France,
June 22, 1918.

Last Wednesday I received six letters and two cards from you all, dated May 23d to May 29th, and the "Mirror" of May 25th also arrived. Was so glad to get the letters and paper. Even though many miles separate us I seemed to feel nearer home after reading them. I haven't answered before because I'd be either too tired or else I didn't have time.

I think I have received most all the letters you have sent. Don't look for letters from me too often, because I won't always be where I can write. You'll know I am thinking of you all, anyway.

It is just as I said—those who were so bitterly opposed to automobiles in Nantucket would be the first ones to own machines when the exclusion law was repealed.

I'm sitting on the floor writing this letter and I can't seem to get comfortable. Modern conveniences over here aren't much in evidence.

I'm sorry you can't send me candy and cigarettes without going through so much "red tape." Well, never mind about it, I'll get along without them. American candy and cigarettes are obtainable in some places, but very scarce and extremely expensive. I've paid thirty cents for a ten-cent piece of chocolate and then it was not of the best quality. I paid forty cents for a bar of toilet soap. Going some! If I saw a piece of pie or cake now, I wouldn't know how to act.

I am well and hope all of you are. Don't worry about me, even if you don't hear from me regularly.

June 26, 1918.

I wrote you a few lines last night, but the letter was handed back to me this morning because the contents bore military information—they said, so I'll write a few lines tonight, hoping it passes the censor. Our own officers censor our letters—that is, they mail what we write. Letters coming to us are not censored.

Tonight I received the "Mirror" of June 1st, but no letters came. I was hoping to get some letters, as I haven't received any for ten days or so. I read my letter in the paper and was surprised to see it.

Last Sunday I was in a Y. M. C. A. hut in a French town and who did I meet there but Albert Nickerson. We were both surprised to see each other and I was the first Nantucket boy he had seen and he was the first fellow that I had seen who I knew. So we sat down and had a nice chat. The strange part of it was that it was just the day before I had read in the "Mirror" of May 25th, two letters he had written to his mother.

Yesterday we were given cigarettes and tobacco sent to us from the tobacco fund in America; and we were also given forty sheets of writing paper and twenty envelopes, which came from the Red Cross. Both came in handy and were gratefully received.

Today has been a beautiful day and I hope the weather continues pleasant.

Now, if you don't happen to hear from me regularly, do not worry or get alarmed. I am well and every thing is O. K., but at times it won't be convenient for me to write. When I am in the line I may not get a chance to write.

I must close now, as there isn't anything else I can write about. They are very strict here regarding letter writing.

July 20th.

I've had my first experience in the trenches and now I am in a rest camp back of the lines, resting up. Life in the trenches is a great life, if you don't weaken. I had charge of a machine gun out-post, but no Germans came near enough this time to pepper them. The enemy sent over a few big shells, but they don't bother us.

The rats used to make so much noise at night that we thought at times the Germans were cutting our wires and were coming through.

As you already know, the battlefield at night looks like the Fourth of July night used to in the States.

One disadvantage in the trenches is that you find it hard to keep clean. I managed to wash my hands and face a couple of times though.

They are doing some mighty hard fighting now all along the front and, judging from reports, old Kaiser Bill is getting pretty hard hit. We are going after him strong and you can bet your life that we will get him, too.

I am in the best of health and doing my best at all times to help bring peace and liberty to the world.

Remember me to all inquiring friends and with love to all, I remain,
Yours, etc.,

Corporal Lincoln Porte.

Co. F., 327th Infantry,
A. E. F., France.

Reported Missing at Sea.

Edgar W. Wilkes, of Nantucket, on Thursday morning received a telegram from the Coast Guard headquarters, stating that his son, Frank Wilkes, is reported to be missing at sea from the Coast Guard cutter Tampa. No details were given in the message, but the department assured Mr. Wilkes that he would be notified promptly the moment any additional facts were ascertained.

Wilkes was born in Nantucket, February 19, 1897, the son of Edgar W. and Emma F. Wilkes. He was married on the 18th of last March to Ilda Mae Silva, also of Nantucket, and at once entered the Coast Guard service, being assigned to the Tampa. The Tampa has for some months been on patrol duty in European waters. He has an older brother, Roger, who is on the Coast Guard cutter Gresham.

Letters From Private Adams.

Relatives this week received letters from Private Edgar Adams, with the American army in France, who writes in part as follows:

Somewhere in France,
June 30, 1918.

Dear Mother:

Today is Sunday and I am sitting under the trees. A lot of boys are playing the old game of quoits. It is quite a popular game here. Others have gone to church service. The only noise we hear is from a few aeroplanes. I was in the village last night and got a few eatables. I had something that looked American "Uneeda Biscuit"—the first I have seen over here—we can get most any kind of canned fruits, lemons and oranges. There are many fields of hop vine growing here.

We were issued smoking tobacco and cigarettes this morning. We generally have plenty. I received the Mirror you sent this last week—May 25th edition. The New York and Chicago papers, we get at the Y. M. C. A. every day, so we have all the home news.

Somewhere in France,
July 13, 1918.

Dear Sister:

It is a real warm summer day and we are located in a village. Our kitchen is just around the corner and here we line up three times a day for meals and sit on doorsteps or any convenient place.

The houses are of stone and cement, like all I have seen in this country, and the barns are more than large. You can see some curious rigs here.

An ox and a horse are harnessed up, one ahead of the other. Whole droves of sheep, goats and swine are driven along the road.

I have learned a few common French words and everyone knows the name and value of any kind of French money. The Y. M. C. A. here is the best and largest I have seen for a tent and is open all the time.

With love to all,

Private Edgar Adams.
328th Infantry, Co. K.,
A. E. F., France.

In the casualty list published last Saturday, the name of Edgar Adams of Nantucket was listed as among those slightly wounded.

Private Edgar Adams, of Nantucket, was among the New England boys to return to the United States on the transport Canada, which arrived at Boston on Monday. Adams has been in the 328th Regiment.

Letter From Alanson W. Swain.

James G. Stuart received a letter from Alanson W. Swain this week, who is on duty over-seas with an ammunition train. Swain writes as follows:

Dear Mr. Stuart:

Just a few lines to let you know that I am still thinking of old Nantucket. I have received eight Nantucket papers and I guess I've read every word in them, including the advertisements.

I guess most of my experiences have been somewhat similar to Lincoln Porte's, only I am in a branch of the field artillery while he is in the infantry. I don't suppose it makes much difference as long as we are over here doing something.

I am perfectly well—more so than I have ever been before—and keep as cheerful as ever.

At present I am quartered in the same house with a French family of eleven, who are very nice and hard-working people, as are all the peasantry.

At night I sit with them all by their huge fire-place and my "bunk", whose name is Caless, tries to learn some more French words, but I guess I don't take much interest, as the old U. S. A. is good enough for me.

Tonight I saddle-soaped and cleaned my saddle, bags and spurs, which is quite a job. It is quite muddy here at times, so we have to clean our shoes as often as we can.

Wouldn't you like to see me grooming a kicking jackass? I was scared of them at first, but now there is no time to fool with them, as it has to be done in a certain time.

The news looks good now and I have hopes that Christmas will see the world at peace once more.

So far I'm O. K. and I guess my lucky star will stay by me. It does seem that when one feels willing to do a thing it is much easier and makes one's luck stay by him better. I know it has been that way with me.

Joe [his brother] is at the same old place, back where his letters first came from.

There is no Y. M. C. A. here where we are, so at times we crave sweets, but in my estimation Uncle Sam is pretty good to us, just the same, and you know that if I can say that everyone else could.

I am my captain's orderly and messenger—something like Joe was at Camp Devens—but here it's quite different.

With best wishes and regards to all my friends, I am,

Sincerely yours,
First Class Private Alanson W. Swain.
A. F. 315 Ammunition Train,
A. E. F., France.

Another Letter From the Boys at Camp Gordon.

Lincoln Porte, writing from Camp Gordon, Georgia, this week, sends us the addresses of the other Nantucket boys who were sent south with him. This was in response to our request, as The Inquirer and Mirror desires to keep track of Nantucket's soldier and sailor boys as far as possible, and we wish they would all notify the home paper whenever they are transferred or promoted. Porte writes that the Nantucketers at Camp Gordon get opportunity to see each other occasionally, although separate and in different companies. He says in part:

"Strange as it may seem, Edgar Adams has become a theatre enthusiast and follows up and takes in all the shows that play in the camp, very rarely missing a night, while Killen, Ryder and myself are contented to stay in the barracks and discuss the war situation and talk over good times experienced on the island.

Killen and Ryder are very optimistic and keep firm in their belief that the war will soon be over, and that they will soon be on the road home.

Even though Mayo is quite a distance away, he manages to get up to see his partner, Ryder, about every day and talk over the price of scallops and what "the fellows" are doing at home.

Wallace Long is generally seen roaming about the camp seeking for old and new acquaintances and observing everything that takes place, while Bert Crocker is just the opposite, he preferring to remain at home and read and smoke.

We have an exceedingly large drill field here, which is kept immaculate and in fine condition. Every Saturday morning everybody in the camp, with the exception of those sick or those needed to keep the camp in operation, must turn out with rifle, and his blanket and shelter tent rolled up and placed around his shoulders, for review and inspection by the General.

Every company, together with all the paraphernalia of the camp, such as horses, wagons, motor trucks, etc., is assembled on the big field and then lined up and marched by the reviewing stand, where the General and his staff are.

Every regiment is accompanied by a band, so that keeps us in good marching spirits. A great many spectators are always present to witness the parade, which is a very interesting spectacle. Immediately after the review on the field, inspection of quarters is held and everything must be neat and clean and in first-class condition.

I won't promise to write every week, but will write as often as I can.

All send kind regards and hearty good wishes.

Very sincerely,

Lincoln Porte.
Co. F, 327th Infantry, Camp Gordon,
Georgia.

A Letter to Father From His Boy in France.

Thomas H. Giffin has received the following very interesting letter from his son, Private Norman Giffin, written on "Fathers' Day" (November 24), when every man in the American Expeditionary Forces was supposed to write a letter "home to father". Private Giffin's letter is descriptive of his experiences from the time he left Camp Devens last July. He writes:

France, November 24, 1918.

My Dear Father:

Everybody in the A. E. F. is supposed to write a letter to Dad today; so here is yours. I can tell you about anything I want to, so here goes.

We left Camp Devens, July 6, at 5 p. m., came up over the Fitchburg division of the Boston & Maine through the Hoosac Tunnel to Troy and Albany, arriving at the latter place at midnight. There we changed locomotives. From there we came down the west bank of the Hudson and it was awfully pretty, a bright moon shining.

We landed in Weehawken at 5 a. m. We had a special train for our outfit. We unloaded our baggage, got a cup of coffee and a sandwich in the ferry station there, and then waited for a small boat to carry us to the transport. We could get a wonderful view of the upper part of New York city and the North river.

At about 11 o'clock we got aboard a little dinky steamer which carried us down to Hoboken to Pier 2, where we landed. At that dock lay the America and the Agamemnon and at Pier 1 lay the Leviathan. We marched around to the latter and there, just before we boarded the steamer, we were given a bowl of coffee, biscuits, cigarettes, and two post-cards telling we had arrived safely over-seas, by the Red Cross girls.

We mailed the cards in a bag at the gang-way, and there we were given out billet cards giving the deck you were on, the situation and bunk number. Also precautions against having lights and throwing things overboard.

It was Sunday, the 7th, at about 3 o'clock, we went aboard and the next evening at about 7 o'clock we pushed out into the stream. I'll never forget the scene going down New York harbor. We were on deck "B" on the port side next to New York.

It was just sun-down and beautiful, with the reflections on the windows of the sky-scrapers. There were women with flags and streamers at the thirtieth and fortieth story windows of the big buildings to bid Godspeed to about 22,000 souls, 17,000 of which were soldiers. We were packed in like sardines down below.

We were six days and fifteen hours on the trip and the ocean was like a mill-pond all the time. The only thing we sighted was a three-masted schooner on our second day out. The sailors told us we were bound for Brest, France. One of them I knew—Cogswell, who used to be in Overton Hall at school when I was there.

We picked up five American torpedo-boat destroyers thirty hours out from Brest. We came up off the entrance to the port about 10 a. m. on the 15th and dropped anchor at about noon. We could not see the coast as we approached it, because it was foggy, but it lifted a little as we came up the narrow gut at the entrance to the harbor.

Believe me, it seemed good to see the green fields with their neat looking hedges and the quaint little stone houses; in fact, they looked much more picturesque in the distance than they did near-by, as I found out later.

We started to debark the troops at about half-past 2 o'clock, but it was 7.30 before we cleared the ship. We were on a little lighter, of English build, I guess, and we were packed on with barely room to put our two feet—about 2000 on a little craft about 125 feet in length with perhaps 28 foot beam. Gee! didn't the old Leviathan look like a huge monster as we looked at her when we pulled away.

When we landed we hiked up through the town and out to the old Napoleonic camp of Pontanazen, where we pitched our pup tents in a field.

By the way, on the march we halted once to rest and I set my overcoat down, and when we started off again I forgot it. I thought of it when we had gone on about half a mile, and I got permission to fall out and go back after it. I was held up two or three times by guards and the last one went back with me and we found it. I went back with him to his post until midnight, when he was relieved, and we went back up near the camp.

On the road we met an officer of Base 67, who was looking for his outfit. He had three or four fellows with him who had been obliged to fall out on account of weakness from the trip. I joined them and with the help of someone who knew where we were camping, we found the field and our organizations.

In the meantime it had started to rain as it only can rain in France, and it was nothing but mud. I came in last and was an odd man. You know each man carries one-half a tent, so it takes two to fix up. There was an odd number of us, so I was out of luck. I found two crazy Irishmen, however, who were having a hard time getting their tent up, so I helped and the three of us crawled in together.

When we waked in the morning the whole field looked like a crazy-quilt where the tents had been put up in the dark and rain. There were three other hospital units and a machine gun company in the same field. That morning we got straightened out and got supplies and water. We stayed there two weeks.

After the first night I slept under the mess tent a couple of nights, but as it rained all the time I got wet there, so I went with the sergeants into the famous Insect alley.

Down at the barracks there was a Y. hut, where different amusements were held. We used to go there to wash our clothes once a week. In the field where we were we had one canteen (a quart of water a day). We had to use it for drinking, washing, shaving and everything. It was, as one fellow said, wash our hands one day, face the next, and shave the third.

Orders came the 29th to move. I slept through the night on top of cases and boxes and on seats in railroad cars. We entrained the next morning at 7.00 in a great, long troop train.

The cars were of the old French passenger-type and some were freight box-cars with the familiar sign in French (chevaux 8, hommes 40) (horses 8, men 40), which adorns every box-car in the country. I was among the lucky ones; I rode in a

second-class passenger coach. There were eight of us in our compartment—Mike Curran, Mike Flynn, Charlie Vinick, Frankie Haley, Earl Beacham, Carl Johnson, George Corthell and myself.

We were on the road until the next morning at about 8.30. The principal places we passed through were St. Brienc, Rennes, Laval and Le Maus. We landed in the station of St. Pierre des Corps, Tours, on the morning of my twentieth birthday and hung around there until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when our five coaches and two freight cars were hooked on behind a little dinky French engine and hauled up here to Joue. There were also a lot of freight cars on the train, and the old engine wasn't powerful enough to haul us up the grade between Tours and here; so it had to back way down and make a second try.

We marched up from the station to here, and found barracks with bunks in them, which was a pleasant surprise, for we were prepared to find most anything. When they told us to draw mattresses, I most fell over—it certainly was as good a birthday present as I could have received in France.

Our first task was to set the hospital up. The buildings were here, but we had to put beds and supplies in the different wards and set the kitchens up. There were two 1000-bed hospitals here, and we were told that another unit was to take care of the other hospital, but we soon found our mistake. We had both of them on our hands.

Our first convoy came on August 19—mostly gas cases. Since then we have averaged a convoy about every week or ten days. You ought to see those American hospital trains, with every accommodation conceivable. There are sixteen big cars to each train. The cars are all new, being built in England for the American government.

Later, about the middle of September, we started a convalescent camp under large English tents about five miles from here, and that is where Clarence Hussey has been all the time, so you see I haven't seen much of him. If it hadn't been for the convalescent patients helping us we never could have done the work. We have about 150 of them detached here now.

Now the hospital is breaking up fast, and we all hope to be home soon. We have seen a little of the sadness of the war in that we have had several deaths, the ones hitting us the hardest being two of our company, who died of pneumonia. I think I would be safe in saying that we have handled between 9,000 and 10,000 patients in what time we have been here, having over 3000 at one time.

But when I can look it all over, we have come out of it just about as easy as any outfit could have. We have had no privations to bear except a couple of weeks at Brest and plenty of corned Bill and salmon. Moreover, we have been right in the suburbs of a large city with a car line to carry us to and fro. Also the headquarters of the whole S. O. S. was right there in Tours. The best soldiers' and sailors' club in France is there, also Y. M. C. A.'s, and here at the hospital we have a new Red Cross hut with a show every night, a nice library and reading room with a large open fireplace; also a separate writing room.

My working hours in the kitchen have been the best imaginable, with the best in the house to eat. Whenever I got tired of my bunk in the barracks I went on some ward and slept between sheets in a good bed. Now we have prospects of soon going home! What more could a private in the A. E. F. ask for?

Well, I guess I must close now, as I think I have told you about everything of interest in a general outline of my time in the A. E. F. I hope you and all hands will have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. I hope I get my Christmas box all right. I will close now.

Love to all,
Norman.

Corporal Porte Recovering From Gas Poisoning.

Corporal Lincoln Porte writes to his friend, James G. Stuart, that it takes a long time to recover from gas poisoning. Evidently "Lincoln" got a heavier dose of the gas than his friends realized from reading his former letters. He writes under date of November 15th:

"I have not been paid for seven months, so am flat-broke. I was supposed to get paid the day after I was gassed, but was in the hospital, so was out of luck. I kept thinking I would be paid every day, but so far there has been nothing coming my way.

I didn't think I would have to stay in the hospital so long, but it takes a long time to recover from gas poisoning. I am feeling fine now, but they wouldn't send me back to the lines because another dose of gas would have finished me.

I was burned on the arms, face and neck and inhaled some, but I don't think enough to impair my lungs. Then on top of that I had army dysentery for four weeks—caused by the gas, I suppose. To tell the truth, now that I think it over, I don't know how I came out of it as I did.

Old Fritz opened up with a barrage of gas shells, high explosives and everything else you could think of, which lasted seven consecutive hours, and we all thought he was going to follow up the barrage with an infantry attack, but he didn't. We were all ready for him, but he didn't make any attempt to come over into our sector.

I sure would have liked to have been in the lines when word came that the armistice had been signed and to cease firing, but I guess they are going to keep me here in the postoffice for a while yet.

It is hard for us to believe that the war is really over, but it is—all but the signing of the peace agreement, and old Germany cannot do anything else but sign now. Germany and her allies certainly got an awful beating. After reading the terms of the armistice it doesn't look as if any of them would ever want to fight again.

The main question now is, when will we get back home? I don't imagine I'll be back before next summer, although I am hoping to. I've had enough of it over here.

I hope to get back to my outfit soon, because I imagine they will go into Austria or Germany and the experience would be worth while.

I haven't received the Mirrors from home lately, but Billy Bartlett, who is close to me, sends them over and I enjoy getting the home news. Up last week I hadn't seen a Mirror from home, so you can realize how

glad I am to get one. I know they are sent to me, but like the rest of my mail, it is either blown up, lost or mislaid.

What a wild night it was here when the armistice was signed. I can easily imagine how they celebrated back home. London and Paris went completely crazy and I don't blame them a bit, for it meant so much to the whole world.

Wishing you and all my friends a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, I am

Very truly yours,

Lincoln.

Corporal Lincoln Porte,
Base Hospital 44,
A. E. F.,
A. P. O. 708.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mayo received a letter from their son, Private Earl Mayo, on Saturday last, which was dated January 2d. Mayo, who has been held prisoner by the Germans, had then reached French soil and he reported that the wound in his shoulder had healed nicely and that he was in good health, anticipating an early return home. Mayo was officially reported "killed in action" in October and his parents were so notified by the War Department, but a few weeks later they received a letter from Mayo himself stating that he had been held prisoner by the Germans.

Visitors from Nantucket Grange who were entertained here Monday night were Miss Maude Adams and Mrs. Grace Dennis, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Norton, and Mrs. Mary R. Chadwick, Mrs. Della B. Robinson and Mrs. Marjorie Appleton who were guests of Mrs. Etta M. G. Luce.

Private Main Also Writes Home to Father.

Henry Main has received a letter from his son, Private William Main, who is with the 2nd Pioneer Regiment of the American Expeditionary Forces, on duty at Perigueux, in the southern part of France. The letter was written on "Fathers' Day", under date of November 24th, and reads as follows:

"Dear Dad:

This is the day which is set for all the boys to write to "the old man", so here goes. Well, we left Camp Devens on the 3rd of July, about 3 o'clock, and we had a nice ride to New York. We went through North Adams and had quite a stay there, and it being the night before the Fourth there were a lot of people out.

The next place we stopped was Troy, N. Y., but we were not there more than half an hour, I guess. We were not allowed to get off the train and the bunch I was with was near the end of the train. All of the crowd was a long way from us, so one of the boys started to holler "Here's the boys from Troy!" and we soon had a bunch of girls around.

The next stopping place was a small town that I can't recall the name of. Anyway, we got some pies there and we ate pies till we were almost sick. We had not had a pie for a month and they tasted mighty good.

We went down the Hudson river and arrived at Weehawken, N. J., about 10.30 a. m. Then we got off the train and were able to limber up a little before we took the ferry across the river to Pier 54, where we went aboard the Aquetonia, the second largest ship afloat. It was some ship.

We were all about starved, but the bugle soon blew the mess call and we had a good feed.

We left New York on Friday, July 5th, and had a wonderful trip across, smooth all the way over. The first night out we had a convoy and then it left us. We picked up the next convoy when we were two days out from England, and arrived there on the 12th.

When we got ashore and looked up at the ship we came on, it looked bigger than ever to us.

We left Liverpool about 5.30 p. m. and had a long ride in the train to Winchester, passing through Birmingham and a lot of other large towns. We reached Winchester about 11 o'clock in the evening and it was around 3.00 the next morning before we got to bed, for we had a long hike to camp.

The next morning Sergeant Ashley came around and gave us the word that breakfast would be ready about 9.00 o'clock, and as it was then nearly that time we lined up. We had a great breakfast of oat meal, ham, bread and butter and coffee.

Then we went out and looked the camp over. It was a large one and there was a Y. M. C. A. there. We all got tobacco, candy and other stuff we needed.

Monday morning we left about 9.00 o'clock and went to Southampton, where we stayed until 6.00 in the evening. Then we crossed the English channel to Havre, France. I had heard a lot about the channel being rough, but this trip was smooth. The boat we crossed on was the Marguerite—a side-wheeler that reminded me of the old Marthas Vineyard, only somewhat faster.

It rained and thundered and there was lightning all night, but the passage across was comfortable.

After we landed we had a seven-mile hike to camp, and it was some hot. When I got to camp and they told us to take off our packs, the water was running right off of me, just like a duck.

We stayed there twenty-four hours and then had a ride in the train for three nights and two days.

Before we left Havre the boys were buying wine at \$2.00 a bottle. When they got here they bought it for 18 cents.

We arrived at Camp Jennecarte, which is about a mile from Bordeaux, and stayed there four days. We then came down to Perigueux, which is about sixty miles.

We reached Perigueux about 11 o'clock and went to Camp Jalots. We slept on the floor the first night, and the next morning we filled our bed-sacks and then we had to fall out, for the officers to pick out the different details.

One of the officers told us that we would probably stay here for a while, and it was a lot better than being up in the trenches with mud two or three feet deep.

But we have had a big battle here—the battle of Perigueux—and it is still going on. We make a big drive with nails every day and have put in lots of hard work, even though far from the trenches.

France is a great country, but I will be glad when I can get back to the states. I don't think our time will be very long over here now.

Regards to all.

Willie.

GRANGES ARE ISLAND HOSTS

Nantucket Members Guests of West Tisbury, Chilmark 1935

Special to Standard Times.

WEST TISBURY, Oct. 29—West Tisbury and Chilmark Granges observed Neighbor's Night by entertaining members of Nantucket Grange at Agricultural Hall last night. The 27 visiting Grangers were met at the morning boat and were entertained until supper was served at the hall last night.

Following supper, Joseph C. Allen, past master of West Tisbury Grange, announced the date was the 27th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin C. Mayhew and birthdays were being observed by B. Carleton Mayhew and Mrs. Pauline Cottle, all members of Chilmark Grange.

As it was the meeting night for Chilmark Grange a short business session was held with Mrs. Hattie Robinson, master, presiding. Master Cecil Richrod of Nantucket was seated with masters of West Tisbury and Chilmark Granges. Short talks were given by the three officers.

The visitors presented a program of tableaux representing months of the year. Miss Mary Bell Clark of West Tisbury Grange was pianist, readings were given by Mrs. Robinson of Nantucket, Ole Borgen was heard in accordion solos, Charles Handy performed Houdini tricks and Mrs. Daniel Manter, local master, gave a reading.

Hallowe'en games were played under the direction of Sidney Gordon of Chilmark Grange, followed by dancing. A total of 154 Grangers, including guests, were present.

Vineyard's "Neighbors' Night."

From the Vineyard Gazette.

One hundred and fifty-four grangers congregated at Agricultural Hall, West Tisbury, on Monday night where Neighbors' Night was observed by the Island granges, twenty-seven members from Nantucket Grange and six from other granges in the state attending as guests.

The evening program began with supper, served at 6, after which Chilmark Grange held its regular meeting. A series of tableaux, representing the months of the year, was presented by the Nantucket visitors. Hallowe'en games followed, and the remainder of the evening was given over to dancing.

Among those present were Cecil Richrod, master of Nantucket Grange, Mrs. Daniel Manter, master of West Tisbury Grange, and various officers of both organizations. The attendance was the largest in many years, the count of granges being as follows: Nantucket 27, Chilmark 50, West Tisbury 71, other granges 6.

Letter From "Joe" Swain.

Everywhere in France.
October 26, 1918.

Dear Mother:

For the past week we have been sleeping in "pup" tents to avoid the Spanish "Flu". It makes me think of the good old days on Coatue. The rainy season is far advanced—which means, it rains about every day. Consequently it is slightly damp. However, by use of boards, etc., we are quite comfortable.

The other night I slept with rubber boots on—yes! we have the real fisherman hip style, and most certainly we need them. To add to the novelty, a strange dog crawled into the tent, about midnight, but there is always room for more in the army.

At first I used to smile when I saw the French—especially the Chinamen who work in the powder plants—scuffling along in their crude wooden shoes or "sabats". They seem quite serviceable, however, in muddy weather, nevertheless, those who wear them must duck the showers or have wet feet.

I like my present position very much and think the engineers' the best part of the army. I regret that I was unable to obtain a transfer while at Devens. Of course, the hours are long and there is much responsibility.

One can not help loving the French—that is, collectively. I haven't seen any particular female that interested me. The girls at home never seemed dearer.

A soldier does not necessarily come in contact with the best "over here" and we are not in the best part of France. You will doubtless hear many stories, which I regret are probably true, but as Edmund Burke said, "There is no way of bringing an indictment against a whole people." Many are of Spanish or Italian extraction.

I have seen many new and wonderful sights and experienced many vivid thrills. And I have seen many sights not necessarily a by product of the war. On the other hand I have found the highest idealism. My present position brings me in contact with them. One immediately perceives their love of color, by the array of

ink bottles, "violet et noir", rouge, etc., and the multiplicity of colored pencils. If a word is written in blue it must be underlined with red.

Even the office force, in a rude little shack, has all the dignity and formalism of a Back Bay reception. They never seem to appear angry. Even the worst appear like irresponsible children. One can't help being fond of them.

An incident illustrating this point happened one day. A fellow (you know the type—we see some of that kind each summer. They usually come to town with a diamond ring as large as a pigeon's egg and a fur-lined overcoat, tell how much they know and invariably end up by borrowing two dollars).

He wanted some kind of shaving powder, I think, and waxed sarcastic about everything. Whereupon the woman in charge (she spoke United States) said, in a mild tone, "Yes, I know, but before the war we used to have it too."

Recently, I took a trip about fifty miles near the sea-coast, to visit Alanson. It was a long, tedious trip—for the train service is poor and they use everything that rolls. It seemed good to see "old ocean's grey and melancholy roar" once more.

This part of France was very picturesque, somewhat different from "Cognac Hill". Mostly a level, sandy stretch with pine forests and quaint fishing towns. The shacks have tile roofs; otherwise they are like ours. They catch sardines and plant oysters.

Another evidence of their love of color is the turkey red flannel trousers worn by men and women alike. For the women sell oysters, decked in this reckless raiment, with the addition of large black straw hats. They use large "double ender" boats, somewhat like our whale boats; and, owing to about fourteen feet rise of the tide they come way inland. The whole reminds me of a scene from one of W. W. Jacobs' stories. The houses are typical of houses over here—cozy, built of limestone, quite like those of Bermuda, with the usual fireplace and the red and white tile floor.

In closing, I send a copy of a "Soldier's Prayer", which I think is the way most of us pray "over here".

Love to all,

Joe.

Private Joseph M. Swain, (1st Class)
Engineer Headquarters,
Camp Baranquine, France,
A. P. O. 705.

I had a few burns on my neck and face and arms and my throat caught a little of it, too. I didn't get much on my lungs, thank God. A dose of it on the lungs will kill you. I'm fine now, so don't worry about me. I'd like to write you more details, but I know it wouldn't pass the censor.

Today I got a sweater from the Red Cross. It is a sleeveless one, but a well made one.

Well, I've sure had a nice chat with you tonight, so will close for now and say good night.

Lots of love to all,

Lincoln.

Corporal Lincoln Porte, 1,906,782.
U. S. A. Base Hospital No. 44,
A. E. F., France, A. P. O. 708.

Porte Relates How He Was Gassed.

Corporal Lincoln Porte, in a letter written to his relatives in Nantucket, describes how the peace news was received over in France and also tells how he happened to be "gassed" some time ago, which resulted in his confinement in the hospital several weeks. He writes:

Pougues-les-Eaux, France.

November 11, 1918.

With nine letters at hand just received from home, and hearing the glorious news of the armistice with Germany signed makes me so happy that I can hardly write. Oh! what a grand and glorious feeling! And I can realize to the full what a thrill of joy and relief the news has brought to America as well as the whole world. But I am so sorry for the homes where the war has carried sorrow and mourning. German militarism has been crushed at last and the world made a safe place to live in.

Every house or building is decorated with French or American flags and the natives have gone about crazy. All the cafes are open and booze is as free as water; more so, because water is scarce; and the women and men are pretty well tanked up (or in other words, drunk) and are dancing and singing and having a gay time. I mean the French. No Americans are allowed in the cafes.

Military cops are all over the place to maintain order. The church bells are ringing, horns blowing, whistles shrieking and everybody celebrating to his heart's content. I suppose today or tomorrow will go down in history as one of the greatest days of the nineteenth century. I am so thankful that I came out of it safe and sound and can now look forward with joyful anticipation to the time of going home.

In one of your letters you asked me to write more details about my being gassed. Our division was relieved by a new inexperienced division and I happened to be one of the non-com's selected to remain in the trenches with the new division to help break them in. So the night after the relief, the Germans, who knew a green division was facing them, sent over a barrage of gas shells together with high explosive shells, which lasted from 10 p. m. to 5 a. m. I wore my gas mask all night, but had to keep taking it off because I had to keep giving orders, as I was in charge of a whole platoon. The men were all green and quite excitable, so it made it hard for me.

However, the only effects I felt at first was my eyes stinging and watering and I thought I had escaped the poison, but much to my surprise a couple of days later when I left the front lines and started back I couldn't hold up—so went to the first-aid station and they sent me in an ambulance to the dressing station, where they dressed my eyes. From there I was sent to the field hospital and then to the evacuation hospital and finally to the Base.

Earl Ray Writes "Father" About Flying.

One of the most interesting of the "Letters to Father" sent home by the boys over-seas was received this week by William C. Ray from his son, Earl Ray, who is with the 96th Aero Squadron. Ray gives many very interesting facts relative to the work of the aviation corps and his description of the work of the squadron is particularly instructive, inasmuch as heretofore the boys have not been permitted to write any of these details home. His letter reads as follows:

Le Fronte, Nov. 24.

Dear Dad:

Today is set aside by the army and is called "Father's Day" by all the boys. We are all asked to write father a letter on this day, the same as on Mother's Day, but in a great many cases it is unnecessary to remind the boys of the dear folks at home.

Now, Dad, since the censorship has been somewhat lifted, I am going to give you a brief account of what I have been doing and where I am.

We (the 96th Day Bombing Squadron) began our first operations on the front at a place called Amanty, near the town of Goundrecourt. Our first raid was made on the 12th of June, 1918, and we were the first American air squadron to bomb the Germans.

The formation, composed of eight planes, left the ground at 4.10 by my watch. There were eight planes in number. They were all back by a little after 7 o'clock that night. Major Brown was in command.

Since this first raid we have lost Major Brown and eleven other officers who were with him. They were all captured at Coblenz, a German town on the Rhine.

We have done wonderful work and have been mentioned a number of times in orders. We have had at times eighty per cent. of our machines in flying commission and forty per cent. is considered very good.

We have made as many as three raids in one day, and that is a record no other squadron, either French or British, has equalled. We do not use American machines, but French "ships" called "Bregent." They are very fine and have one of the finest motors made. I am going to bring home some pictures of them.

We have had complete replacement in the squadron about twice since we have been operating. The Germans tried many times to get at us, but we were not there when they bombed.

I was in one raid. It happened on a French field, and happened about 9.30 at night. I had been over to a town and was coming home and got just by the field when I heard the Boche motor (if you ever hear one once you will never forget it) and in a few moments I was on the ground, to keep out of his way, and soon it was bang! zip! and the ground shook as with the ague. Then he dived down onto the empty hangers and riddled them with tracers (illuminated bullets) from his machine guns, and went away.

The next day they picked up some of the large bombs, which failed to explode, owing to the fact that the flame was too near the ground. The small bombs all went off. The large bombs were nearly six feet tall and about 10 inches in diameter.

We are now at a place called Menul, near the town of Ligny, situated about 18 miles from Bar-le-Duc, and a little further from the city of Nancy. Look up Nancy on the map. It is on the border, or was, about six miles from the front. The city of Metz is not very far from here.

The insignia on the first page of this letter is our official insignia. It was designed for us by Mrs. Wilcox, a Y. M. C. A. woman who was with us at Amanty. It is an inverted triangle with the devil looking down (on the Germans) holding a bomb in his left hand and thumbing his nose with his right hand. This insignia is on both sides of our planes, and I think it is the most "nifty" one in the air service.

We have made 63 raids into German territory, 59 of which were successful. We dropped 80 tons of

bombs, and 70 of the 80 tons landed on their objectives. This is an unbeaten record. We have three other squadrons working with us and we have dropped alone more than all of them put together. We got 118 planes over the objectives in the month of October alone, not counting the numbers for other months from June to September.

These French Bregent bombing planes carry 32 small bombs, or eight large ones. The large ones weigh 95 pounds each, making a load of 760 pounds, besides two men—a pilot and observer, and four machine guns—three Lewis and one Vicker's.

A few days ago we had orders to move with the Third Army into Germany, but the order was cancelled and we expect to be home by March, at the latest, unless something unusual turns up.

Some of the squadrons stationed in England for training have already left for the States. From here, only the wounded and convalescent are to go home first, with perhaps a few of the squadrons. I hope we are one. There is a rumor around here that we are to parade in Paris the 10th of December, but there is not much in rumors.

Our planes will not come home with us, as they are French, and are to be turned over to the French before we leave here.

I have a number of trinkets to bring home and hope to have more before we go.

It does not seem possible that the war is over. I have had an adventure. I would not sell for a million dollars, yet I would not give two cents to go through it again.

It is quite cold up here. We are on the heights and very much above the sea level. The town of Ligny is in a valley way below us. All the towns around the field here have been bombed since we arrived here in September, but we have escaped. We are living in the woods, and are well camouflaged with trees, but from a plane I picked out all the barracks and huts, despite the trees, but it is a very hard place to get around in at night, without a light, there being many stumps and holes over and in which to fall and stumble. The mud here a few weeks ago was half way to our knees, and would make excellent cement.

The complete history of the squadron is to be written and published in the States, with pictures of the men, officers and planes; also pictures of the objectives, with the bombs striking, and the fires they made. We use a bomb made expressly for setting fire. It is called "incendiary."

I have a number of pictures taken at different times of the planes, officers, etc. They are very interesting, and I value them highly. I am going to have them all framed when I come home.

One very good feature about the Bregent plane is when in a battle in air and a Boche bullet enters the large gas tank, it takes fire, and instead of coming down in flames, as is true of most planes, the pilot of the machine pulls a lever and the flaming gas tank is dumped over the side and the plane glides to the earth. I know of two cases, in which the tanks took fire and the men were saved from burning to death by dumping the tank.

About seven of our planes have crashed to earth in flames. There is little chance of escape when the ship is afire, as everything is gasoline and oil and sparks.

We have seven confirmed Boche planes to our credit and seven more are not confirmed, as they fell in the enemy territory, but we "got" them just the same.

You see it is not our business to go out looking for a scrap, but to keep out of scraps, and bomb enemy towns, but when the Boche gets "funny" and chases us, why we give him a fight.

It makes me smile when I see accounts in the papers about the piratical Huns bombing towns at night. Why we bomb them in the daytime and I hope you don't consider us piratical. Our business was to destroy enemy ammunition dumps, railway junctions, supply trains, etc., and, in general, to cut his communications and hamper his progress, but many people have felt the bomb splinters dropped from the famous first bombardment squadron, the good old 96th.

I am going to bring home accounts of all the thrilling things done in the outfit from the time we left Texas until we get home.

I fail to understand why you don't hear from me. I write once a week and sometimes twice. I hear from you regularly and sincerely hope you are getting my mail by this time.

There is very much more I will tell you when I get home again. I expect to go to the St. Patrick's dance in the Red Men's Hall, March 17, 1919.

I trust you are all well and happy. Love to all. Will see you some time in 1919.

Your loving son,
Earl S. Ray.

"Scarred Up Bill" Recovering From Another Wound.

Anxiety for the safety of William H. Chase, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Chase of Nantucket, was dispelled this week when several brief notes were received by him, indicating that "Scarred-up Bill", as he called himself in a former letter, has survived the fierce fighting at the front, although receiving numerous wounds and undergoing much suffering, but withal maintaining the same cheerful and optimistic spirit that always characterized "Scarred-up Bill."

Bugler Chase's experiences must have been about as thrilling as any we have read, for he has been wounded and gassed, and gassed and wounded, and then wounded again—the last time with a bayonet wound. He has been at the front since last February—that is, barring the time he has been in different hospitals—and he participated in all of the large drives which occurred this year.

We have been permitted to make the following extracts from some of his letters written December 4th, when he was in a convalescent hospital near Bordeaux, recovering from the bayonet wound:

Dear Folks:

It has been quite a long time since you have heard from me, I know. I have been wounded again and am in a convalescent camp near Bordeaux. This makes three wounds I have received, this time getting a bayonet wound. But I am getting along nicely and am feeling fine now.

I have been up to the front since last February—that is, deducting the time I have been in the different hospitals.

You see, I was in all of those large drives which occurred this year. Perhaps you have read of the first division of regular troops—the greatest unit of soldiers of the United States Army. Well, that is the organization to which I belong and I am the only Nantucket boy in that bunch.

I haven't heard from home for four months, owing to travelling around so much.

I am sorry that I can't send anything home for Christmas, but I haven't been paid for ten months.

Remember me to everybody. You may see me home in two months—at least, I hope so.

Bill.

"Joe" Swain Was at St. Mihiel.

Willard M. Marden this week received a letter from "Joe" Swain, from which we have been permitted to make a few extracts. Sergeant Swain writes under date of December 31st:

"I do not belong to the Engineers outfit we tried for at Camp Devens. They are now in Germany, but I have worked with them some. I am still in the Infantry, but on detached service. In fact, I have changed around so much and have been in such a variety of places that it keeps me wondering where I am.

At present, I am attached to the 2nd Pioneer Infantry, formerly the old 14th New York National Guard. For the last two months I have had it quite easy, in charge of the office for the construction engineers at Baranquine Camp.

While there has been considerable responsibility it has given me a good chance to rest up for the homeward trip.

Although I have not been in the trenches I have seen even more of the thrills and excitement. Last September I was up on the St. Mihiel salient, with a convoy and had an experience long to be remembered.

There was an open stretch of road called "Death Valley". The Huns had the range and were dropping big shells every few minutes. The air was blue—when they burst they made holes as big as a house. The only chance for a get-away was to duck flat and grovel in the dirt and wonder if the next shell would come within fifty yards.

It was on this eventful trip that I was fortunate to save the life of a wounded French soldier. Word from home and a newspaper clipping states that I have been cited for bravery by General Edwards. If so, it is quite unexpected, as I have not generally made the little affair known. You know there are so many self-made heroes and I do not care to swell the ranks, because there are so many more who have done much more than I have. Anyway, I did not have much hankering for the trenches after this little experience at St. Mihiel.

I shall be mighty glad to be back in the good old U. S. A. once more. However, I have travelled much and have seen considerable of France."

Two More Letters Sent Home to Father.

Edward H. Whelden of Nantucket received the following letter from his son, Corporal Edward H. Whelden, Jr., written on "Father's Day":

France, Nov. 24, 1918.

Dear Dad:

As this day has been set for all the boys in the A. E. F. to write what is called Dad's letter, I am going to tell a bit of my experiences since leaving Devens.

On the afternoon of July 3rd we boarded a train at Devens and started on a long journey. We went through the Hoosac tunnel that night and stopped at Troy, N. Y., late in the evening; then the next stop we made was at Albany, and then continued our ride down the Hudson. It certainly was a fine ride that beautiful Fourth of July morning. We pulled into New Jersey early in the forenoon and hung around for a few hours, then took the ferry for our steamer. We stayed aboard ship all that night and the next afternoon we started across the ocean.

We sailed on one of the largest British ships. We made the trip across without a convoy, until we were one day out of England, then we picked up a convoy of five destroyers, off the Irish coast. It was a real fast boat and not much chance for a sub to get her. We made the trip in seven days without seeing a sub. We landed in Liverpool the afternoon of the 12th and got on a train for Winchester. We arrived there at one o'clock in the morning pretty much tired out. It seemed as if we hiked all over England to find that camp. There were no lights of any kind to guide us, but we found it after a while and, believe me, we were some glad to drop our packs and get some rest.

When we first arrived it didn't get dark until eleven o'clock at night. The time is about five hours later over here. When it is noon at home it is 5 p. m. here. When you people are eating supper I am sleeping.

Now to go on with my trip. We had a good night's sleep and, of course, we felt fine the next day. That evening some of us took a walk to the town (Winchester) and took a look around. It is very historic and was the capital of England for a great many years. We stayed at that rest camp for two days and then rode on the train to Southampton, to take a boat for France. We hung around the wharves at Southampton all the afternoon and had a chance to see several steamers (in a dry dock) that had been hit by torpedoes. They were hard looking boats; some of them had great holes in their sides.

That night we left Southampton (with a convoy) for Le Havre, France, rather a wild night crossing the channel. It rained and blew a gale, with a heavy thunderstorm, but for all that it wasn't a bad trip. After we landed at Le Havre we had another hard march ahead of us to the rest camp. We hiked five or six miles, with our packs, and the temperature near 100 degrees.

We stayed at Le Havre two days and then we boarded a train for Bordeaux. We rode on that train two days and three nights and you can bet we were glad to get off when we reached Bordeaux. We stayed at that camp for about one week and during that time we visited the city. It is very busy, especially near the water-front, as most of the supplies for the A. E. F. land there.

From Bordeaux we rode on train to Perigueux where we are still located. After arriving here we rested a day or two; then started to build a hospital for the wounded Americans. We worked for a few weeks and then I was put in charge of fifty French and Russian carpenters. I held that job until a few days ago, when orders came to stop work. Now I am working cleaning up around the camp. I learned quite a bit of French during the few months I have been here.

The hospital will not be finished, now that the war is ended. Two units are already completed and there are nearly a thousand wounded Americans in them. I have been real fortunate ever since I have been in France. I haven't had a sick day. One time last summer nearly the whole company was all in.

I am no longer in G Co., 302nd Infantry. About six weeks ago there were fifty-two of us transferred so as to stay and finish the hospital, among them being Main and myself. Mooney and Ashley went with G Co., and I haven't heard a word from them.

Now that the war is ended we are all anxious to get home. I am afraid we won't see home much before next summer, but why worry, summer will soon be here. I am longing for a smell of salt water once more and a good mess of clams. I shall be home just in time to enjoy some of those Sunday sails up the harbor.

I hope this letter will find you all in good health and the best of spirits. This is the first real letter that I have been able to write. If they stop censoring soon, I will write lots more. Tell Capt. Jones that some day next summer he will be sitting aboard the "Lillian" eating lunch and he will see me walking off the Sankaty. I think I will close now as it is time to eat.

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Your loving son,

Edward H. Whelden.

C Co., 2nd Pioneer Inf.,
Perigueux, Dordogne, France.

A. P. O. 794.

Obed A. Morris received the following letter from his son, Private Bertram Morris, of the Medical Department of the 34th Infantry:

Dear Father:

This being the day for "Fathers' Letters" we are allowed to write about anything we want to. I just got back from the front again yesterday. The front, or the front line where I was with the company, was at "Rembercourt." The first time we were at the front was on Oct. 26 and we stayed seven days and then were relieved. We went back to the front again on November 10; the firing ceased on the 11th at eleven o'clock, so we stayed on the line from November 10 to November 23rd.

When we left the states we left the pier at 3.20 on August 17, went out into the harbor and anchored just abreast of Fort Hamilton and laid

there until about 4.30 Sunday night, so we really left on the 18th of August, and arrived at Brest on August 27th about 4.30 p. m.

We stayed there about five days and then went to Ravieres, where we stayed the longest—about three weeks. Since then we have been in these different towns: Brest, Ravieres, La Forges, La Maine, La Folie, Toul, Maron, Plagny, Minnonville, Domevre.

The latter is where we are now, and I believe we stay here about a week and then move towards the coast. We hope to be home, or rather in the states, by the first of the year. We are all anxious to get home now that everything is over.

If you look on the map to find Rembercourt it is very near to Thiaucourt and Jaulny.

People at home seem to think the first place we see when we land is Paris, but the nearest we saw of it was Eiffel Tower in the distance. Domevre is quite a sizeable place, but they still put on the price.

Many seem to think that we will be back by Christmas, and I hope it will be true, because we can't get back any too soon to suit me now.

The sick and wounded are being taken home first and as soon as they are all taken care of we will begin to leave.

We get full pay over here, just the same as in the states.

I never have run across any of the home boys yet.

Hope to see you all soon.

Lovingly,

Bertram.

Corporal Furber on Sight-Seeing Trip in France.

Corporal George Furber has written some very interesting letters home lately, in which he describes some of the places he has visited in France. Under date of April 9 he writes from Dijon as follows:

I left Tours yesterday on the "American special" at 6 p. m. We passed through several familiar places, among them being St. Aignou. I am very glad that all I did was to pass through and that I did not have to stop there again. My recollections of St. Aignou will last me for a while.

We rode all night and got here about 9.30 in the morning. We were given passes out, so hunted up a "Y", where we cleaned up, and then went in search of something to eat.

We are to take another American special train (French cars, American crew) at 6 o'clock, on which we are to spend the night and the best part of tomorrow. I guess when I am shown a real bed again I'll not waste any time using it.

I ride second class, being a "non com". The officers ride first class; privates, third class. The seats are quite comfortable and have a white cloth on them to rest your head on so as not to get it dirty. The cars are steam-heated and lighted by electricity, so that part is O. K., but for all that it is not easy to get good sleep—at least, I could not.

I saw George Weigand at Tours several times. You will recall that he was telegraph operator at Nantucket several seasons. He is at the same work over here.

We had another scare of meningitis up at the O. C. Q. M. and it came near holding me up. As it was, I had to have my throat cultured before I could leave, but I got out all right.

The day following Corporal Furber arrived at Menton, France, and his diary reads as follows:

Since leaving Dijon I have been travelling steadily and hit the following places: Marseilles, Cannes, Nice, Monaco and Monte Carlo, and last, but not least by any means, Menton. Since our train left Marseilles I have seen sights which I never expected to see. We passed with the Alps mountains on one side and the briny deep on the other. So close are the mountains to the sea that we had to go through a number of tunnels.

It has been very warm during the day, so I spent this evening on the beach and rested under the branches of a large palm. Lemons, oranges and olives fairly grow wild here. A place like this makes a fellow have an entirely different idea of this country. These are small resorts, like those at home, only they are more beautiful.

I have a room all by myself now, in one of the swellest hotels here, the Riviera Palace, and it sure is well-named. When I look out of the win-

dows I see the town and the sea, and about half a mile behind me are the very high mountains. The food is excellent and everything else is nice here, too.

I was mighty tired when I landed here. Could you have seen me, all covered with coal dust and dirt, you would never have recognized me. There are dances and shows a-plenty here, but it's me for an early bed to-night—and in a real bed at last.

France is not so bad when a fellow gets into a place like this. Somehow it makes one forget the other part and the life we have been living here.

Menton, France, on leave—
April 13

I did not get up until late Friday morning. That long, dirty journey on the train nearly did me up. I went for a walk and landed in Italy, or as far in as I could go—to the Italian customs house, which is on a mountain road about a mile and a half from the border. I stopped at a hotel there and had some lunch and wrote some postcards, which I am sending through the mail with Italian stamps on them.

I stayed over there most of the afternoon. It was not much of a walk. I strolled along the beach about two miles and came back by car.

At the border everybody going from one country into the other is held up by the guards and searched. It does not make any difference if it is a paper bag you have—they looked it all over. Of course we did not have to go through that, as we could not go in.

On Saturday I took a trip into the mountains. I went up part way by car and then walked the rest of the way until we reached the top—2500 feet above the sea level. On top of the mountain there is an old Roman city ruined by an earthquake.

After staying there a while we went down to a small very old Roman town, dating back to about 200 A. D., where we saw an old bridge a couple of thousand years old and a church somewhat older. In the church were all the decorations. The chandeliers and candlesticks were of gold, and I saw a painting and a song-book so old that they were not allowed to be handled.

A funny thing about the place was that all the clocks only had one hand. I don't see how they tell time by them, but they do.

A couple of army nurses were with our party and took some pictures, which they are going to send me later.

Today I have not done much of anything except to wish that I could stay here longer. Tomorrow I expect to go to Nice and the next day to Monte Carlo. This is surely the best time I have ever had as far as seeing things is concerned.

This place is where the swells—that is, the very rich—go from September to June, and I have the chance to see the better class of people in France now—both French and English.

The "Y" has dances every afternoon and evening, as well as movies and a show—all in the same building. It is the municipal casino, a very pretty building, all solid stone, inside and out, as are all of the nice buildings here.

We are able to seal our own letters down here, so I'll enclose a little souvenir—a 1-franc note on the bank at Nice; also a trolley ticket where I went.

Franklin Atwood Writes From Scotland.

James Gordon Stuart has received an interesting letter from Franklin Atwood this week, who is an officer on the steamship Askaloosa of the American-Hawaiian Line. Atwood writes from Scotland, which is Mr. Stuart's native land, and he evidently appreciates the beauties and attractions of that country, judging from the tone of his letter, which follows:

Leith, Scotland,
April 3, 1919.

My Dear Mr. Stuart:

At last we are safely moored in dear old Scotland and, believe me, you certainly gave me the right description of the country. I am delighted with it. No wonder you are so proud of your homeland. I would be just as proud if I could say that I was born in such a lovely place.

We made the trip in twenty-one days, which was pretty good time for a slow ship. We had fine weather all the way across and only one thing happened to mar our trip. The steering gear broke down and we had to steer over half the way across by hand gear, which is a hard job.

Leith is a base now for the German merchant ships that are being turned over to the Allies and there are forty-six fine ships in the harbor, all being repaired. It seems a pity that the Germans were such fools to think of fighting the whole world. We are about the first American merchant ship that has come to Leith and all the papers had the ship's picture in them and a long article about us.

The Scotch people are very friendly toward us and we are having a very good time. You don't realize what hard times the people have had over here. Everybody works from six in the morning until six at night and all seem happy, too.

I went ashore last night and went up to Edinburgh. It is a lovely place, but the stores all close at eight, so I was unable to buy any souvenirs of the place. Do you remember the queer double-deck cars that they have here? Some go by electricity and some by cable power. Just think, Mr. Stuart, you don't see a young man around but what he is crippled or in the army—all of the prime of men are gone.

I have not been able to get ashore in the daytime yet, so I have not been able to see the beautiful buildings. I expect to get ashore Sunday, so I will take in all the sights then.

I enjoy my work aboard the ship very much and I am glad now that I have stuck to the sea. At sea I have to stand watch from eight to twelve at night and the same in the morning, which is only eight hours a day.

We have been having the best of food and I have grown fat on it and I am in the best of health. I have cheeks almost as rosy as the Scotch people over here and you know the beautiful color that they have.

I must close now, Mr. Stuart, and get my men going, so will say good-bye for the time being.

Sincerely your friend,
F. B. Atwood.

Address:

S. S. Askaloosa, care American Hawaiian S. S. Co., 8 Bridge street, New York.

Mrs. Sylvaro Receives Letters From the Swain Boys.

Mrs. Nellie Sylvaro, mother of Private Byron L. Sylvaro, the only Nantucket boy to lose his life in the trenches, has received two letters of sympathy recently from Privates Joseph and Alanson Swain, which were written when they received word "over there" of the loss of her son. These are the only letters Mrs. Sylvaro has received from Nantucket boys in service in France and she deeply appreciates the spirit in which they were sent. The "Swain boys" write:

Morbach, Germany,

Mrs. Nellie R. Sylvaro.

Dear Mrs. Sylvaro:

No doubt you will be surprised to hear from me at this late day, but on seeing the letters on the death of Byron in The Inquirer and Mirror, I feel that it is high time that I expressed my sympathy and condolence with you in what has been an extremely hard blow to bear.

I trust that, like myself, you see the one thing to look at is that Byron met death bravely, as a soldier should, and crystallizing this into a sort of proverb, I would say, "It doesn't matter when one dies, but how."

Better even than when they enlisted, the soldiers of the American Expeditionary Forces realize today that they and their comrades saw straight, when they decided that one had better die in his youth in France, playing his part for righteousness and liberty, than to live on into his eighties at home, ashamed of having been a coward and a shirk.

Surely this must inspire a wonderful feeling in you to think and know that he faced all nobly and well and as a real soldier should. Life has to be spent. "They are greatest who, whether sooner or later, spend it for the loftiest purposes."

The servant of God, who has been faithful over a few things but passes forward to be intrusted with many things in the world to come. Matthew 25: 21.

In closing, I would again give to you my sincere sympathy, and refer you to (Psalm 90:12) which says, "Our times are in His hand. May He greatly enlighten our understanding as to their investment."

Most sincerely,

Private Alanson W. Swain.

Co. F, 315th Am. Train,
A. E. F.

Dear Mrs. Sylvaro:

Here in the midst of war-torn Europe, we are very busy, much work, little pleasure, and less spare time.

Nevertheless, I wish to send a few words of sympathy to you in your recent bereavement, because Byron was one of the boys "over here" (and here we are all banded together, in the common cause, and no one knows when his turn may come) but all face the issue bravely.

Also, because we islanders are a sort of fraternity and always help and feel for one another. It is sort of an unwritten law handed down from the days when there were no newspapers and the local news was written on an old slate, in one of the club rooms.

I had just received the Mirror in which his letter was published and was thinking I was in accord with the sentiments, when next I read of his death, as the first Nantucket boy to fall.

Dear old Nantucket, which is playing such a prominent part in the war. The news of the disaster to the fishing fleet came today. Over here, one sees so many sad and pathetic sights, that it seems the edge of civilization. I know that words, idle words, cannot alleviate your sorrow, and that the people at home can be of more assistance, at this time.

Please accept the sincerest sympathy from "over here."

Sincerely,

Private Joseph Swain.

Headquarters Co., 302d Inf.,
A. E. F.

Private Morris With the Army of Occupation.

Mrs. Eugene Morris has received the following letter from her nephew, Private Bertram Morris, sent from Thiancourt, France. Since writing, however, Private Morris is reported at Conflans, near the city of Metz. His letter reads:

Thiancourt, France.

We moved here (Thiancourt) Sunday from Domevre, where we were stationed for two weeks on returning from the front line for the last time.

My experiences on the front line the first time were not as great as those of the second time; nevertheless, they were bad enough. The first time we went on the front line was October 26. I described to you my dugout in one of my other letters.

On Friday morning about 3 o'clock the company I was assigned to and the company to our left made a drive for the hill that lay in front of us and drove the enemy back with but little resistance.

Our wounded was not very large. The Germans gave us an awful barrage in the morning, but our artillery soon gave them what was due in return and for about five hours one hardly dared venture away from his "hole."

Many of the Germans' "G. I. cans", as we called them, hit pretty close to our dugout, and we expected it to cave in at almost any moment, the shells shook it so when they exploded. Along towards dark things were fairly quiet, so we could go out and get some supper, but about daylight the next morning they started in again, so we could not get any breakfast.

Their barrage lasted about three hours, and as we had no further trouble (that is to amount to much) we decided that it was impossible for them to get the hill back again.

On Sunday morning we were relieved by another regiment and went back to Mannuville, about twelve miles, for a week's rest.

The following Sunday, November 10, at 3 p. m., we were on the front line again. The firing was heavy that night and we lost a few and had several wounded.

We did our best to aid the wounded, but it was very dark and hard to find all the wounds. That night we slept in little dugouts in the trenches—it was quite cool, too.

The next morning, November 11, we had a great many more wounded, but not very seriously. At 10:45, November 11, every piece of machinery that would work—artillery, rifles, etc.—opened full force on the enemy for about fifteen minutes, then we had orders to cease firing.

Gee! you never heard such a racket in your life. Both we and the enemy were patiently waiting for that hour to come—at 11 o'clock sharp the firing ceased. You should have heard the enemy blow their horns and yell "Kamrade! Kamrade!"

There was not much doing that afternoon, but in the evening we celebrated by building bonfires (plenty of wood, as we were on the edge of a big wooded section); we fired German rocket signals and sang songs, ending with "Home, Sweet Home."

The next afternoon we advanced our line and we located about a couple thousand yards from the village "Rembercourt." The Germans soon began to vacate, which left us to ourselves for about ten days, when we came back to Domevre and there did garrison duty for awhile.

While we were stationed near Rembercourt we patched up many of the old German shacks and made ourselves very comfortable. We amused ourselves in the evening by singing and telling yarns. One of the boys found an old German violin and another a mouth-organ, so we were seldom lonely in the evening.

Thiancourt is quite large but well shot up; there isn't a building that has a roof and many of them can never be inhabited again.

All the rooms we use are patched up to make them as comfortable as possible. The church was entirely demolished. The place we have used to be a Jewish Synagogue. The prayer benches, etc., are all piled in a corner. The Jewish inscriptions over the doors I cannot read for you! There is nothing here at this place and it is very lonely in the evening.

Very soon now, I suppose, we will be on our way to Longwy, for one of the other battalions left yesterday. The boys were all in hopes we would be back in the States by New Year's, but since we are included in the "Army of Occupation" it is hard to say when we will be back; however, it will give us a good chance to see much of this country, and we might not have the chance again.

Write me all the Nantucket news and soon.

Love to all.

Private Bertram E. Morris,
Medical Dept., 1st Bat., 34th Infantry,
A. E. F.

Private Chadwick Tells Story of Life in the Trenches.

Private Charles C. Chadwick of Nantucket has an interesting story to tell of his experience "over there", and it is a story that one never tires hearing. The other afternoon Private Chadwick strolled into the newspaper office to tell of a letter that he had received from a comrade who shared his "hole" over in France just prior to the fight at St. Mihiel, and while here he sat down for an informal chat of ten minutes—which lasted a couple of hours. It started this way:

"It must seem nice to you to be back home again?"

"You bet it is. Having been through so much in the last year, home seems mighty good to me. In fact, it all seems a dream now—I can hardly realize that I have been in the army—have been to France—have been over the top—wounded, gassed and knocked senseless by the explosion of a shell."

"Let's see! When was it you left America?" we asked.

"On the 27th of February, 1918," Chadwick replied. "I'll never forget the date—nor several other dates of the year 1918."

"How long were you crossing the Atlantic?" was the next question. And in replying "Charlie" first lit his pipe, then sat back in the chair and unreeled as follows:

"We left Hoboken on the steamer Crown Princess Cecile (since named the Mount Vernon) on the 27th of February. We reached Brest, France, on the 10th of March and had a fairly good trip over. At Brest we embarked and were hiked five kilometers to the old barracks where Napoleon disbanded his army so many years ago. It was not much of a place, but we stayed there three days, sleeping on slats with no mattresses.

Then we hiked back to Brest and entrained about 8 o'clock, riding all day and night in box-cars, forty men to a car. We were so cramped that we had to stand up all the time, for there was not room to sit or lie down. We reached a place called Mount Rickard, and there Walter Ramsdell and myself were billeted in a priest's house, which was without any furniture of any kind. We slept on the floor. Some of the boys slept in barns or caves—most any place.

We were then ordered to St. Aignon, which was a replacement camp, and there we were classified. We were put through some real drilling there—nine hours a day, and the officers made us step around all the time, 130 steps to the minute for nine straight hours. Maybe we were not some tired, though. We soon found that we were being drilled for active work in the trenches, and somehow the boys all seemed to be glad, for they all had an idea they would like to get a whack at the Germans.

Byron Sylvaro and myself were placed in the 103d Infantry and Walter Ramsdell in the 104th. I was in Company E and Sylvaro was in Company M. When we left St. Aignon we rode second-class—that is, in cars with compartments, which would hold eight men to a compartment. We entrained at 2 in the afternoon and rode all day and night and all the next day, finally stopping on a plain with not a house or building in sight anywhere. It was raining and we were wet and hungry and not feeling very comfortable.

It was then that I got separated from the other two Nantucket boys, and I recall the feeling when I left them standing by the road and joined Company E. I knew Sylvaro was going to Company M, but that did not mean much, as we would have small chance of seeing each other.

We went to a small place called Menlatour, a hike of about twelve kilometers, and stayed there five days, sleeping in a barn. It was so cold we had to go to bed in order to keep warm, and a bed meant stretching out on your blanket. On the fifth day the word came 'Roll up your packs and fall in!' We knew what that meant—we were bound for the front.

We hiked all day and found that we were going up to relieve the 104th Regiment. We reached Apramont woods and found we were in a locality chock full of pro-Germans. There we began to get our first taste of fighting, being put on raids and patrol work. At that point No Man's Land was perhaps a half a mile wide. We

had a few wounded, but the casualties were not serious there.

After sixteen days and nights in the woods, we were ordered to move and hiked to Vignut, reaching there at 2 o'clock in the morning. We went to bed in an old saw-mill and the sound of the water rushing through below us was something fierce, but we slept just the same.

The next morning we found a Salvation Army hut, and right now let me tell you the Salvation Army did wonderful work, and the Red Cross did, too, but as for the Y. M. C. A.—well, the boys who were in the trenches and up near the front don't any of them have much to say about it. I never saw a Y. M. C. A. place or any of the Y. M. C. A. men anywhere near the front. They were in back of the lines, and the boys all look upon the 'Y.' as a bluff, compared to the Red Cross and the Salvation Army, both of which stood right by us. Why, those Red Cross nurses were angels, and the Salvation Army girls—well, they were right there with us.

Well, as I was saying, the next morning after we reached Vignut we found the Salvation Army huts and they had 3,000 doughnuts waiting for us, and coffee with nice milk in it, too, and real sugar. They gave each man three doughnuts and a cup of coffee, and maybe it didn't taste good to us fellows.

Next we hiked to a place in the woods on the other side of Manila-tour, where we were put to work digging trenches and setting barbed wire. As a matter of fact, that particular locality did not become a fighting section, but it was prepared. It was wonderful to see how easily and skillfully those American engineers could string that barbed wire without getting their hands torn to pieces, while we fellows would get all scratched up.

As for digging trenches, well, that is tough work, for it is hard digging. Sometimes we would strike rocks and all kinds of hard stuff. The trenches are dug zig-zag fashion. They are supposed to be nine feet deep, seven feet wide on top and four feet wide at the bottom. They were made zig-zag so as if the Germans got into them they could not take an automatic or a machine gun and sweep through the trench. The trenches were all zig-zagged but had straight "communication trenches" between them occasionally. Talk about "dug-outs"! There was one dug-out there that the American engineers were building for a French general that they said would cost \$25,000. It was being built of cement and went a long ways under ground.

When we reached Xivry we relieved the 104th and were told that "we had got a home", which meant that there would probably not be much fighting at that spot. I was there given outpost duty in "No Man's Land". I was given charge of an automatic rifle, in which line I made a special study while training and practically all my service was with the automatic rifle, which is a sort of small machine gun that you can sweep around and pepper away with quite lively.

The fighting was most always done at night and it was on the 16th of June that the famous "million dollar barrage" started. Experts claimed that is what it must have cost the Germans. For seven hours there was a continual rain of shells and the noise was so that we could not talk. They threw a smoke barrage in front of us and things were hot. I had six men with me in handling the automatic.

Happening to glance one side a moment, I saw a fellow with one of his legs blown off. I thought I might be able to raise him up and make him comfortable, so left my gun for a second. As I did so a shell burst and as I looked to see what had happened I caught sight of the fellow who was my "loader" turning cart-wheels up in the air, with his arms and legs flying off as he turned.

I soon had another automatic in service and then a change of wind lifted the smoke and we saw the Germans behind it. We got the order "Hold to the last man!" and knew it was either "hold" or be taken prisoner. We got two machine guns out onto No Man's Land and soon we mowed those Germans down like grass. In twelve minutes there were over 800 dead and none left standing. Our artillery came up and finished things. We had 46 of the men in our company either killed or wounded in that little encounter.

It was then that I was introduced to the "duck-board". Our stretcher-bearers were either killed or wounded and we used the "duck-boards", which were like the planks they put down on the beaches to walk upon—a couple of pieces of board nailed to joist. It was the only thing we had to take our wounded back on, but we did what we could. When the scrap was over there was a grand rush for souvenirs. We went through the pockets of the dead Germans and gathered what we wanted for souvenirs. I got a fine leather belt from a machine gun officer who had been killed, but an orderly in a hospital stole it from me later.

I lost my own belongings, because I left them intending to go back after them, and when I did they were gone. I felt rather badly over it, too, as I lost my razor and a pipe. Town Clerk Bunker gave me before I left the States.

The next morning I met Byron Sylvario and we had a fine gam together. We were soon on the move again and went to Rimaucourt, where we stayed three days. We got word that the 82d Regiment was coming up to relieve us and I knew that Charlie Ryder and Edgar Adams and Maurice Killen were in it. They passed us in the

night, as all of the hiking was done in the night. I stood by the roadside as the 82d passed and called "Nantucket" as loud as I could, in hopes that one of the Nantucket boys would hear me, but I guess they didn't, for I did not get an answer.

We then went to Toul and were told we were bound for a rest camp, but it proved to be to relieve the Marines at Chateau Thierry. It was then that I got my first view of Paris in the distance. The first day of July we planned for a Fourth of July celebration, but we had a different kind than we planned. On the afternoon of the 1st we got orders to pack up and each was given two packages of "hard tack". The packages were about the size of Uneeda biscuit packages and each contained twenty crackers.

We had boiled beef for supper that night and were soon on the march. We crossed the Marne and went up a hill three kilometers long. The heavens were all lighted by the bursting of shells and our company got lost. We met the Marines coming out and they told us to get into the woods, which we did, for we knew the Germans were not far away. All we had to eat was hard-tack, with no water. Finally a guide came after us and took us up to the front-lines. It was an awful trip.

Dead bodies were lying around everywhere and you could not step clear of them. There had been a fierce fight on—a hand-to-hand fight, and it was surely the Marines who should be given the credit for turning the tide in the war. The battle had been in a wheat field and the bodies of the dead had been piled up and used as breast-works. Some of them had been lying around for two weeks and the stench was awful.

It is an unpleasant thing to tell, I know, but it is a fact that our shoes were covered with rotten flesh, where we had trampled on the dead and we had to take our shoes off and stand in our stocking feet. We had no food or water and all day long we stayed in little holes we would make, just big enough to take two men, lying head to foot. You see it got daylight at about three o'clock and did not get dark until 10.30, and it was a long day, lying stretched in those holes head to foot, two men in a hole, and with nothing to eat.

On the Fourth of July some scant supplies reached us and we had "Corned Willie" for supper. One canteen of water had to last two men twenty-four hours, and for seven days and nights we kept that up, with hundreds of dead Germans lying all around us.

On the night of the 17th of July we got word that we were to go over the top in the morning and we realized what that meant. We were cut down to one meal a day. The boys knew we were in for a hard fight, so we swapped addresses and promised to write to the home folks if we did not see each other again. My chum was Roland F. Thompson, who came from Bondsville, Mass. He gave me his sister's address and I gave him my wife's. I did not see him again, but, by a coincidence, the night I got home to Nantucket, the 3rd of March, a letter came to my wife and when she opened it she found it was from Thompson. Here it is:

U. S. General Hospital No. 3,
Rahway, N. J., February 28.

Dear Mrs. Chadwick:

I have thought many times of you in connection with what Charles used to say about you when we lived in a little dug-out together—just big enough for us two—in back of Belleau Woods, and I've wondered how Charlie came out since we went through Belleau Woods and over the top.

Have you learned just how he is or where he is? He was an automatic-rifle firer, but I was a rifle grenadier. He was one nice chap and I thoroughly enjoyed his companionship during the short time that we were together.

It made no difference to us to have drafted men come in with the National Guard, for we were glad of their addition and found most of them as game and as staunch as some of the volunteers.

I gave Charles my address and I took his and we agreed to write to each other. But I lost out. I was wounded three times the same day, receiving a fractured spine and two paralyzed legs. But I'm glad to say I'm pulling through in first rate style and am getting around again.

It was a big day and many lost out. I have received a citation from General Edwards of the 26th Division for special service on the lines. It isn't exactly a medal, but worth receiving.

Now I hope to hear from you some time. I am glad I could remember your address, for I lost everything I owned over there—diary, souvenirs and all. But my skin makes a pretty good souvenir to bring back.

From your soldier friend,
Private Roland F. Thompson.

After reading the letter, Private Chadwick continued his story:

"Rather singular, wasn't it? Well the morning of the 18th of July was as pretty a morning as you ever saw. We were on the edge of Belleau Woods and our company (250 men) were told that our objective was distant about 800 yards. We started forward in skirmish formation—that is, five paces apart, and were given orders to kill everything before us.

We carried our point and thirty Germans stood up with their hands in the air, shrieking. We didn't know what they said, but we knew what our orders were and everyone of them was killed. There was a railroad track

there and there must have been a tunnel under the track, for suddenly our men began to fall and we were being fired upon from the rear. We could see german helmets sticking around and knew that we were in for it.

Things began to get warm. My "loader" and "carrier" were both wounded—one on each side of me. And then my automatic was suddenly plugged. I grabbed a Springfield rifle and used that, being compelled to leave my wounded comrades where they fell. That night they were carried off by the germans and made prisoners. When I reached Camp Merritt, N. J., after the war was over, I looked up one day and who should walk in but the fellow who was my "loader" and was wounded in that fight. He told me that the "carrier" died in a prison camp in germany.

Well, to continue my story. We finally made a ravine, but only 53 men were left out of our company. The rest were lying dead or wounded out on No Man's Land. We sent a call back for help, but during the night the germans carried off our wounded and made them prisoners.

July 19th we were charging a hill and I must have been about 500 yards from Byron Sylvaro when he was wounded. Word reached me that he had been hit and I got over to him as soon as I could and he knew me when I arrived, but he was suffering badly, for he had received six machine gun bullets in the pit of his stomach. They took him to the first-aid hospital and the poor fellow died two days later.

When our food reached us it was sour and we dumped it out, but at 8 o'clock on the evening of the 20th we got some real food—that is, what the boys called "slum". It was something like the fresh meat stew we have at home. There were also some doughnuts. But, would you believe it? We were so hungry that we couldn't eat. Our stomachs must have been awful weak, for the food stuck in our throats. We thought we could eat all the food there was, for they had sent up enough for our whole company of 250 men and there were only 53 left to eat it, but it was a long time before we could get it down. We nibbled at the doughnuts and put all we could in our mess-kits. There is such a thing as being so hungry you can't eat, and it is a mighty tough thing to get in that condition.

On the morning of July 20th we got orders to pack our stuff and hike to the town of Torcy. It was a hard looking place and had been all shot to pieces. I knew the Headquarters Company of the 104th Regiment was there, but I didn't think much about that. I was pretty well used up.

While I was looking at the ruins of a house I saw a fellow standing near-by who looked familiar to me. Going up to him I said: "Isn't your name Nickerson?" He turned quickly: "Yes, I'm Albert Nickerson and you are Charlie Chadwick," was the reply, "and we are both from Nantucket, and I'm mighty glad to see you." We had a dandy chat and then separated.

That night we hiked again, and the next day slept in the woods, lying down on our blankets with the shrapnel dropping around everywhere. We stayed in the woods until four in the afternoon, when we got orders. We mistrusted it meant that we were to go over the top, so we threw our packs away and determined to make the best of it. I tell you, there was not a fellow who did not feel nervous when he got orders like that. It meant a nine-out-of-ten chance that you would be killed. But when you go over the top you don't think anything about it—it is beforehand that you feel shaky. All the boys said the same, too.

Well, we advanced and ran into two machine gun nests and two german tanks. We were ordered to fall and we fell—as quickly as we could. Our machine gun was ordered to advance and within five minutes every man was killed. It was at that time that we killed six Frenchmen by mistake. They were in the flank woods coming to help us and we did not know it. In the distance we thought they were germans. The French wear blue suits and the germans a dirty gray. We felt badly when we discovered it, but it could not be helped.

Our artillery soon came up and those tanks were quickly blown to pieces. Then a german airplane soared overhead and we could not do much with him for a while. He kept spraying us with machine gun bullets, but finally our anti-aircraft gun hit him and the airplane blew right up in the air. How we cheered!

We went down to relieve the front line, but there were only 42 men left out of three companies in our regiment. E had 28, F had 8 and C had 6, which shows what we were up against there.

Orders came to go over the top again and take the hill in front of us. We did, but we were hard hit and had 600 wounded in our first-aid station. I was wounded in my left hand, my gun being blown out of my hand when the bullet struck me. It was only a slight wound, so I thought I could help the others put on their gas-masks. Somehow in working over them and with my hand crippled, I must have got some gas into me. At any rate, I was taken to Paris to a hospital.

Talk about cooties! I was alive with them by that time. My chest was all raw and my legs were eaten almost

down to the bone—it seemed. I got pretty sick in the hospital and to add to my troubles, blood-poisoning set in in my hand. For days I was fed nothing but scalded milk. I was in that hospital a month and maybe I didn't take comfort while there.

Having slept on the ground, on bare boards and not seeing a real bed for months, that hospital cot, with its white sheets and pillow, were great. And I was given a bath, too, which was a luxury, for I had been since April—nearly five months—without having my clothes off.

Those Red Cross nurses were mighty good to me. There was no bluff about the Red Cross anywhere, I can tell you. I had lost all my belongings in the trenches, and they gave me a bag which contained tooth brush and paste, a razor, some chocolate, cigarettes—lots of things,

I was feeling pretty bad there and one day a nurse brought me a copy of the Paris edition of the New York Herald and thought I might like to read it. I didn't feel much like reading and told her so, but suddenly my eye caught the word "Nantucket" on the page and I almost jumped out of bed. It was an item telling about the stranding of the school of black-fish here. Say, but that item did me lots of good. "After a month's treatment, I got so as I could get around myself and I finally got permission to rejoin my company.

We entrained for St. Mihiel and had a seven nights' hike. The whole of the 26th Division—which included the 101st, 102d, 103d and 104th Regiments—got into the woods there just before daylight. My! but didn't it rain there! Every day and every night it poured and for four days we laid in a mud-field. It is strange how we could stand it, with feet and legs in cold water for hours and clothing soaked through to the skin.

We were in the section which had been so badly shelled and was all torn to pieces, with even the ground ridged. It was there that the French lost some 60,000 men.

On the 12th of September the excitement began. We had 162 guns behind our company and the noise was terrific. The ground trembled and we could not talk. The german trenches were blown to pieces when we were through with them. We found dug-outs there forty feet under-ground, made of cement. We took 700 prisoners in two hours and took the little town of Hattenville, which the germans had been holding four years. The people thought we were English and did not know that America was in the fight.

The german "Q. M." fell into our hands and we found large stores of supplies there, including a quantity of beer, wine, etc. That day we had bread and syrup. The german bread is black and was baked in long loaves. Our own grub was coming up to us, but a german shell took the ear off of the mule and it ran away and smashed the whole business up, so we made the best of the german supplies we came across.

We were located on a large plain, from which we could see forty-two different villages. It was a grand sight. Later we found that the barracks we seized and used were mined with nitro-glycerine, but fortunately the time-fuse failed to go off, else we would all have been blown to pieces.

I was longing to hear from home and one day while up there I got twenty-one letters and four or five copies of the Nantucket paper. I was some happy fellow and I read every word time and time again. I left those papers there, some tacked up on the walls and some stretched out on the ground, in hopes that some other Nantucketer might see them and know that a fellow islander had been there before him.

We were near the city of Verdun. Say, but that's a funny place. Half of it is under ground. There must be miles of the city in caves, which are lighted by electric lights.

I was put on patrol duty and nearly every night I was out. We were in shell-holes filled with water and it was cold and bleak every day. For twelve days we were allowed but one meal a day, and a mighty small meal at that. Few of the old men in Company E were left, for we were pretty well used up. In fact, there were but 35 of a battalion of the 102d (1000 men) left there. It had been an awful sacrifice. We were gassed for eleven consecutive hours at one time.

I was sent out to pilot a company through that was coming to relieve us, and the shell-fire was getting heavier all the time. There were no trenches up there—it was nothing but shell-fire. I was standing down by a ledge, at about twenty minutes of eleven, wondering whether I had better try and make my way along, when a shell burst near me and I knew no more. I recall opening my eyes once or twice and seeing the stars over-head, but the day and night must have passed before the stretcher-bearers found me. I was pretty well used up and two of my ribs had been broken.

I was sent to a hospital at Bordeaux, and for two days and nights I could not close my eyes. I imagined I was going through all sorts of things—falling from high buildings, etc.

I would lie there and cry for hours—what for I do not know. Then a bad cough started in. I was in the hospital when the armistice was signed and there was a grand celebration in Bordeaux.

Sent to a convalescent camp, I had promise of turkey and mince pie on Thanksgiving Day, but I caught the measles and for two weeks I was in quarantine. Then I got pneumonia and on New Year's Day I was just able to have my clothes on and go out on the piazza. I had just got seated there when I saw Walter Ramsdell coming to see me. He had been in a hospital, too, and had seen William Chase. William was coming to see me, too, but before he got a chance he left the hospital and rejoined his company. Ramsdell had been having his troubles with muscular rheumatism.

Finally I got word that we were to be sent home and we sailed on the Santa Teresa. I was awfully sick coming over and could not get out of my bunk for seven days. We reached Hoboken on the 12th of February and how we did cheer when we passed the Statue of Liberty. They gave us a big reception when we landed, and just to show you how the Salva-

tion Army does things and the way the Y. M. C. A. does them, I'll tell you this. I had no money, not having been paid since August—did not have a cent left. I wanted to send word home that I had arrived. The Salvation Army girls came around with post cards for us to write home on—and each card had a two-cent stamp on it. The Y. M. C. A. crowd also brought post cards, but there were no stamps on those cards. That is the way they did things everywhere. They wanted pay for everything.

The boys had no use for the Y. M. C. A. anywhere. They were not serving chocolate and food to the boys in the trenches, as some of the writers tried to make folks believe—they were nowhere near the trenches. But the Red Cross and Salvation Army—they were right there within sound of the guns—right where there was something doing—and every soldier in the American army will bless them.

The Y. M. C. A. secretaries were guyed by the boys every time they showed themselves and every once in a while would come the cry:

"Who won the war? The M. P. (Military Police)."

"Who backed them up? The Y. M. C. A."

"Glad to be back home, am I?" queried Chadwick in response to our inquiry. "Say, there is no place on earth like Nantucket. I have seen lots of towns and cities in the past year, but Nantucket is the only one for me."

Private Herbert N. Crocker, 42 Pine street, writes friends that he is in the Army of Occupation, Co. I, 18th Infantry, 1st Division, near Coblenz, Germany. He has been there since December 14th last. He states he is feeling well; the country is very mountainous and beautiful, but he is longing for the time when he can embark for home. Crocker left Camp Gordon, Ga., for overseas last September.

Private Walter M. Ramsdell, of the Supply Company, 104th Infantry, arrived home on Friday week from hard service in France. Private Ramsdell's knowledge of horses brought him into the position of "ration driver," it being his job to keep the men in the trenches supplied with food. Driving a mule-team filled with "rations" was no sinecure, for it meant many a trip filled with dangers, when bullets and shells were flying too close for comfort. Ramsdell came through the war unscathed, however, although he had more than one mule shot from under him. He was seized with muscular rheumatism as a result of his continued exposure and was for weeks a patient in a hospital. Somehow it is hard to coax the Nantucket boys to talk much about their experiences, but we are in hopes that Private Ramsdell will have something interesting to tell our readers later.

"Scarred Up Bill" Home.

"Scarred Up Bill" is home at last and his relatives and friends have given him the glad hand, as they give all the boys who have been in service. Bugler Chase has been through all sorts of experiences, having been in active service at the front for months, receiving bullet wounds and bayonet wounds and having been gassed and blinded as well. In writing home several months ago, after not having been heard from for five months, he boyishly styled himself "Scarred Up Bill" and the term will stick to him, even though he is now a private citizen instead of one of Uncle Sam's soldier boys. When he arrived home Monday afternoon he wore citizen's clothes and had a cap on the back of his head, few realizing that the lad trying to escape through the crowd without anyone noticing him was "Scarred up Bill". Having done his bit for his country, enlisting long before the draft, William Chase came home just in time to be with his parents when he becomes of age, for he will reach his majority tomorrow.

Norman Giffin Says Red Cross Does Great Work.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Giffin have received two very interesting letters from their son, Private Norman Giffin, who is in service in France. Private Giffin pays a glowing tribute to the work of the Red Cross and in one of the letters he cites an instance of the cruel treatment of the Germans, which came to his personal knowledge.

Thanksgiving Day.

I suppose you folks at home are wondering how I am spending the day. Well, my day commenced last night at 10 o'clock, when I went to work. We gave the boys roast beef, boiled potatoes, brown gravy, bread pudding with sauce, bread, butter and coffee for the mid-night meal.

The day cooks worked all night. There are two shifts of them—one worked all the evening and until 2 o'clock this morning; then the others came on until this noon.

After the supper was served I went out and slept until 4 o'clock, then woke up a couple of fellows, hung around until 4.30, waked up a few more, then went back to bed myself. Between 5 and 11 I was in America—home sweet home.

Soon after eleven I got up, went over and saw Mrs. Paquet and the children, and at 1.30 went to dinner myself. Here is what I had for my Thanksgiving feed: Roast turkey, stuffing, mashed potatoes, gravy, apple pie and walnuts, and everything was well cooked, too. Oh, it was a swell feed—but the main thing was lacking—the folks back home and all the associations that go with the Thanksgiving season.

The last week all we have been having is rain and mud and beaucoup of the latter, too. Today it is raw, cold and rainy.

I am writing this in the Red Cross hut. That organization certainly is doing wonderful work around here. If ever the Red Cross comes around where I am and wants anything, if I can give it, I will. They certainly are doing wonders and the people who represent them do their work in such a way that one fully appreciates all that is done for him. They have done and are doing all in their power to make life cheery for the dough-boy of the A. E. F.

There is a large hut here with a hall with a seating capacity of 250 or 300, a nice stage, a nice writing room, a nice cozy little library with an open fireplace. The whole building is made just as homelike as American ladies in France can make it.

Never turn the Red Cross away!

Wherever a doughboy sees the American Red Cross in France he knows there is a touch of God's country. It makes no difference whether the ladies are from New York, the Dakotas, California or where—they are always making us feel as though we are in a little corner of the good old U. S. A.

Things don't look so bright now as they did for coming home soon. Still, here's hoping! Must close now.

December 14, 1918.

I had an operation for appendicitis the first day of December and was in bed eight days before I tried to get up. Yesterday was the first day I was out-of-doors. I was pretty tired last night, so I'm going to stick kind of close to-day.

Right after Christmas I am going to try for a sick leave to Nice on the Mediterranean with 24 hours in Paris. It will be quite a trip, don't you think? I hope we get home soon though—the sooner the better to suit me.

However, I believe I have been enjoying France and the French people much more than some of the fellows, because I have been able to speak the lingo and thus it was easier for me to mix with them. There is one family named Paquet who live right next the hospital here, which has been a regular home to me, and since I have been sick they have been awfully kind to me, bringing me oranges, bananas and sweet chocolate, which they know I love dearly and can't get.

I had my first real contact with the real suffering of the civil population yesterday. I was over at the Paquet's and there was a Belgian girl of about 19 years—a refugee from Germany. In 1915 the Boches shot her parents, brutally beat her and deported her, with two little sisters and a brother, to Germany, where they compelled her to work in a munition factory. She had been so brutally beaten on the back with a musket that she had to be operated on.

When the armistice was signed she, with the little children, were kicked out and the French government sent her here to Tours. The two little sisters are 6 and 8 years old and the boy is 11. When she arrived here the officials didn't seem to be able to properly care for her, and she was out on the road selling letter paper.

A kind lady in Tours took in the kids for the time being and she came out through the country near here, and a good lady took her in for the night. It had been raining all day; the poor girl was very poorly clad indeed, not a sou in her pocket, and soaking wet. The good lady got word around among the neighbors and I met the girl at the Paquet's, where they were giving her some clothes. Georgette, the daughter of 15, who is a bookkeeper in a big wholesale grocery firm here in Jone, is getting the girl a job, but it pays only about 4 francs a day or about 75 cents and she can't expect to support herself and the kids on that.

I listened to her story, gave her a 10 franc note and brought her over to our Red Cross and they are going to look out for her case, and see that she and the children are properly housed, clothed, and fed. I was glad I happened in, so I could get her to the Red Cross.

Just think, that is only one such case in hundred of thousands in Bel-

gium and eastern France. You people back in "God's Country" can't begin to realize what suffering this war has cost, and the amount of good such organizations as the Red Cross is doing. Never begrudge that organization one cent; it is never wasted.

Well, I must close, wishing you the best of health and good luck, and hoping to see you before many moons have passed.

Lovingly,
Norman.

Bartlett Visits Battlefields of France.

Private William M. Bartlett, Jr., one of the Nantucket boys who is still in service in France, did not see the battle front until after the war was over, but he went there at the first opportunity and has written a most interesting letter of his trip, taken on a fourteen-days furlough. "Billy" tells of visiting the battle-fields where the heaviest fighting of the war was done and gives an excellent description of what he saw there. He also tells of the long search he had trying to locate the grave of Private Byron L. Sylvaro, the only Nantucket boy who lost his life in France, of going from one cemetery to another and finally locating the object of his search. Before leaving the cemetery Private Bartlett wrote "Born at Nantucket, Mass." on a plate attached to the cross above the grave of his fallen comrade in arms and paid all the tribute he could to the memory of the stalwart young man who gave up his life for the cause.

The letter of Private Bartlett was dated at Brest, France, April 29, upon return from his trip to the battle-fields, and was sent to his sister Edith in Nantucket. We have been permitted to make extracts from the letter and know that our readers will enjoy them. "Billy" writes as follows:

Dear Sister:

"You say that Saturday, the 5th, you received my letter number 21. Well, as you know, but probably forgot when you were writing to me, I was 27 years old on that day. At the time I was on my leave and spent the day around Verdun looking over the battlefields. I went out in a Y. M. C. A. truck and we stopped at Fort Deaumont, which is built in under the hills. It is one of many forts of the same kind to be found around Verdun.

This fort was taken by the Germans in the early part of the war and held by them for about seven months, when the French drove them out. You know the hardest fighting of the war was around Verdun and for four years the Germans tried to capture it, but as there are so many forts around the city, they never captured it.

There is not a whole building left standing—the whole city is nothing but ruins, just like many, many cities that I saw on my trip. But you know Verdun has what they call "the underground city", where 50,000 men can live, eat and sleep. In fact, they say the French had many more than that number of soldiers in this underground city all through the war. It has its own electric lights, a very large bake-shop, with huge ovens, where they mix the bread by machinery. There are also hospitals, a church, Y. M. C. A. and everything that goes with a fort where 50,000 soldiers could live for months, even if the Germans surrounded the place, and that city is what the Germans tried to get over four years but failed.

I visited the battle-fields and many trenches, some of which were formerly used by the 26th Division. They were about the only American soldiers to fight near Verdun, as the French did most of their fighting there. Of course these trenches and dug-outs were all new to me, even if I have been soldiering in the S. O. S., and I was much interested in them. I am a — of a soldier, ain't I, never to see the front until the war is over!

Through the Crown Prince's Tunnel.

The next day was Sunday and I took the train out to "Dead Man's Hill," about an hour's ride from Verdun. There were about one hundred in our party in charge of a "Y. M." man. We first went through the Crown Prince's tunnel that the Germans built under a hill. It took us about a half hour to go through, so you see it is some tunnel. They say it was built so the Germans could go from one valley to the other quite quickly and without being seen. There was a small narrow-gauge railroad running through to carry ammunition, etc. On either side of the tunnel are rooms, all hundreds of feet underground. This is under "Dead Man's Hill," where thousands of French and Germans lost their lives.

We left the tunnel and roamed

around the hills and in and out of the trenches and shell-holes. Believe me, one has no idea about these battle-fields until he sees them. I wish I could write you all that I saw, but will have to wait until I get home—that is, if I ever get there.

I went to see my old company (23d Engineers), which is stationed halfway between St. Mihiel and Toul. They gave me the glad hand and told me all they had done since they left me in Brest and it was then I found out I had been transferred. I stayed with them all day and all night and the next day the old 1st Sergeant sent a fellow out in a Ford to show me the battle-ground around St. Mihiel, and, believe me, I saw something that day.

We were on the go all day and the driver sure did make that Ford go. Gee! I sure saw things that day! We went over miles and miles of battle-ground; we even went as far as Verdun and had dinner.

The next day I went to Nancy, as I was getting sick of looking at nothing but battle-fields, and as Nancy is a fine city and not shot up much I went there for a change. I put up at the Y. M. C. A. and the next day looked the city over.

I had intended pulling out of there that evening, but I was taken sick and had such a headache that I didn't leave until the next night. I had to wait until night, as an enlisted man can leave only on the troop train out of Nancy, as out of Paris, and there is only one a day and that at 9.30 p. m. So, you see, I had lost a whole day of my furlough, but I got it back.

After travelling all night on the troop train it slowed down at a station where I knew the express was due in a few minutes. I jumped off and in about a half hour along came the express. I jumped aboard and soon left the troop train miles behind.

Oh, it's a great life! A soldier has got to take chances or he'll never get anywhere on those troop trains; one can walk faster than they go. Express trains, like a number of other things over here, are "for officers only," but I took a chance and got by with it, as I wanted to see Rheims that day.

When I got there I checked off at the A. M. P. (you know that everywhere we go we have to let the American Military Police look at our orders). He stamps them with the date and hour of arrival; when we leave we have to be checked in again; so, you see, we can go only where our order calls for, but I put in for provinces, or states, as we call them here. I named seven of them and I could go anywhere in those seven states and they cover all the American front and "then some", so you see I could go almost anywhere I wanted to in that part of France without being stopped.

Well, I looked Rheims over and saw the ruins of the city and also the cathedral that before the war was the most beautiful in the world but is now a mass of ruins, as is each and every building in the city. I was inside the cathedral and that is what everyone goes to Rheims to see, and then after looking about the city a little longer I took the train for Chateau Thierry.

I met two sailors on the train from Rheims. We looked the city over with all its ruins and that night bunked on the floor of the Y. M. C. A. with about fifty others. There were so many and the place was so small that we three had to sleep on two mattresses on the floor. I was in the middle, but I slept well, as I didn't get much on the troop train the night before.

Searched For Private Sylvaro's Grave.

After breakfast the next morning we three hired a horse and wagon with a driver, for a little over two dollars each, to go out to Belleau Woods. We could have gone in an auto-bus, but they let you stay only an hour or so and I wanted more time to look and see if I could find the Sylvaro boy's grave, as I knew he died in the fighting around Belleau Woods on July 22, 1918.

Well, Belleau Woods is about six miles from Chateau Thierry and we had a slow ride out there, as the country is pretty hilly, but we got there all right and stopped at what is left of the ruins of the city and there we took a walk through the woods and I started in to look for the grave.

There are seven cemeteries around Belleau Woods where American soldiers are buried. I looked from one cemetery to another. I found many graves of the 26th Division, but could not find the grave I was looking for.

In one of the cemeteries I ran across a white soldier with a bunch of colored soldiers that were engaged in the re-burial of the Americans that were buried in that section, here and there, all through the woods in a hurry and about where they fell, while the fighting was going on. They were engaged in one of the hardest jobs in the army, that of digging up the soldiers and giving them a new grave, several in the same cemetery.

As I have said, there are seven such around Belleau Woods, but soon, he told me, they are going to bury them again all in one large cemetery, each with a separate coffin—something all do not have now. Well, he told me it would be hard to find Sylvaro's grave the way that I was doing, but if I would go up to the next town with him he would tell me in just what cemetery he was buried, that is, if it was around there.

So I walked up with him and told the soldier in charge of the records just what I was after and gave him the name and company Byron was in. Two of them began to look through

the records and soon one of them found the name.

They told me he was not buried in Belleau Woods, but in a French civilian cemetery at a place called La Ferte-sons-Lonane, which is about thirty miles from Chateau Thierry. I looked up my time-table and found that I could get a local out of Chateau Thierry that would get me to La Ferte about 5.30 p. m. and another local out of La Ferte at 7.45 that would get me in Paris at 10.45. I had planned to arrive in Paris at 5 p. m., which would give me all that evening and all the next day in Paris and I did want that evening there, but of course I would give up an evening's pleasure in Paris any time to visit the grave of a Nantucket soldier, so I took the local and got to La Ferte all right.

On the train I met a French soldier whose home was in La Ferte, and I finally made him understand what I was going there for, even if I don't speak French and he didn't know a word of English. I gave him some candy and smokes as bait, as I didn't know where to find the cemetery. It worked all right as he took me right to the place which it would have taken me a long time to find alone, not being able to talk French, and there was not an American in the place—something very unusual in France.

Well, he took me right to the cemetery, which is a French civilian one and very beautiful, kept in fine shape. In one part are the graves of about 260 American soldiers and as they gave me the number of Byron's grave at the office, I had no trouble in finding it. Oh, how I wished I had a camera to take a picture of it to send his mother, but I am sorry to say I didn't have one, so I had to come away without a picture, except the one which I have in my mind. I will visit his mother when I get back to dear old Nantucket and tell her all about it.

These Americans happen to be buried here because there was an American evacuation hospital in a girls' school-house near here during those few weeks in June and July when the Americans were fighting near Chateau Thierry and all the Americans buried there are from the 2d and 26th Divisions. There are quite a few officers among them.

Byron's tag, such as we wear around our necks, was nailed to the cross over his grave and there was also a small kind of name-plate with his name, company division, number and date of his death, and then there was another name plate, plain, so I wrote the same as on the other one, except that I added "Born on Nantucket, Mass.," and if anyone from Nantucket visits his grave he will know that another Nantucketer was there before him.

I was very glad that I found his grave as I think he is the only Nantucketer to give his life for the cause over here, but I am very, very sorry that I could not get a picture of the grave to take to his poor mother, but I will surely call on her when I get back and tell her of my visit to her son's grave.

I took the train back to Paris where I arrived at 10.45 p. m. I got a room and had something to eat, then "hit the hay" for the night. The next day I spent in Paris and at 7.30 p. m. took the train for Brest, arriving there Sunday, April 12, as I had to be back on that date.

Hoping this finds you well and happy I will close with love to all, from
Brother Bill.

William M. Bartlett,
Care Supt. A. T. S. Base 5
A. P. O. 716., France.

Norcross Buried With Military Honors.

Charles Norcross, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Norcross of Nantucket, died at Loveland, Col., on the 12th of January, aged 24 years. The body was interred with full military honors in the cemetery at Loveland. We clip the following item from the Loveland paper of the 12th ult:

Funeral services for the late Charles Norcross were held today at the Baptist church. All the honors due an ex-service man were paid to his memory, with six Legion men acting as pall-bearers, and a color guard and firing squad. A large number of the War Mothers and members of the American Legion Auxiliary were present to pay their last tribute to the young man who died so far from his childhood home.

Rev. A. W. Atkinson conducted the services and several vocal numbers were rendered by Harry Carlson, Wybourn Foote and I. A. Foote.

At the grave, military honors were rendered by the American Legion.

Once again the final taps are sounded above the grave of one who gave to his country the best part of his life. His path had not been strewn with roses, but he was an honest chap and a square shooter, an American soldier and a hero. He did his best while passing through this old world. He did a thing which many of us either failed, or were unable to do—he served his country. Peace be to his ashes.

Food Was Not Plentiful at Chateau Thierry.

It is interesting to hear the boys returning from France give all kinds of praise to General Edwards and also to General Wood. The boys call them "white through and through" and nothing too good can be said of the manner in which they treated the soldiers. But for the way the American army was used by the commissary department the boys speak rather uncomplimentary. They claim there was a shortage of food over there—that whenever the men were paid off and given liberty they would scour the towns and villages in search of bread.

Talking with Private Charles Fisher the other evening, it was enlightening to listen to his tales of experiences aside from on the firing line. Private Fisher was wounded three times and was also badly gassed, and he says he never expected to come out of Chateau Thierry alive. Like many another returning soldier, however, Fisher is loud in praise of the good work which the Salvation Army and the Red Cross did for the boys in France, but for the Y. M. C. A. he does not have very tender memories.

Questioned as to the food served the men, he said that "Corned Willie" was the principal article of diet. "For breakfast," he said, "we would have Corned Willie and hardtack; for dinner hardtack and Corned Willie; for supper Corned Willie and hardtack; with possibly a little variation by the addition or substitution of poor canned salmon." [We learned that "Corned Willie" was the soldier's pet name for canned beef of some kind.] "Occasionally the boys would have some canned tomatoes, and quite often they would be soured. But of butter and sugar there was not any at the front, and it galled the Americans to learn that there were tons of food going into the French army when they were not getting any themselves."

At one time the food supply was so short that the Yankees were fed from aeroplanes, and the supply of ammunition was also nearly exhausted, according to Fisher. But the American troops never knew defeat; in fact, General Wood told the English that the Yankee boys did not know what that word meant, so when the English were ahead with the Yankees following on behind, there was nothing for the English to do but keep on going. The American army never retreated from the time it started—it simply kept forging ahead, and when the time came for a five days' rest, the troops would be quartered in the woods somewhere and when rested would plug on again.

It was quite different with the English and French troops, Private Fisher said, because they would have opportunity of going home on a five days' leave, whereas the Yankees were three thousand miles away from home. This fact made the Americans all the more anxious to make quick work of the war and when they went into battle it was to be a fight to a finish.

Questioned as to whether he had been engaged in a fight so close that bayonets were used, Fisher said he had not. "We were too close to the Germans to use our bayonets," he said, "we clubbed them with the butts. It was when we were crossing a railroad and we were short of ammunition. We simply went at those Germans and both sides were mowing down with the butts of their guns. I came near getting mine, too, but a fellow close to me saved me. I was banging my butt at a German when another made a swing at me. One of our boys was too quick for him, however, and got him just in time. I never ran my bayonet through a man, but some of the boys did, and they said it was an awful feeling—afterwards—to think that you had been jabbing right into a fellow creature. Shooting the rifle is not so bad, as you just blaze away and don't know who you hit, but using a bayonet is rather different.

Did I get any sweets? Yes they gave us molasses weakened with water to put on our hardtack. That was sweet all right but mighty poor. We never got any chocolate until we got into Germany and then the Red Cross furnished it.

I tell you we were not used square over there. We were not fed right and we did not get the ammunition we needed. Down in the south part of France the boys say they have been used well but we fellows up at the firing line did not get enough to eat.

Mail? Great Scot! Why the mail service was nothing but a joke. The English and French would get their letters but we Yankees never knew whether we would ever get any. The service was rotten and I don't wonder so many of the boys are coming back and telling facts that are opening the eyes of the people at home.

English good fighters? No, I don't call the English soldier a fighter. They would make us Yankees tired and we were scrapping with them all the time. They were always in the way and we would have to tell them a thing or two. An English soldier did not like to have a Yankee tell him 'We licked you twice and we can lick you again, so get out of our way and let us get at those Germans if you are not going to do it.'

The Scotty! Oh, they are born

scrappers and they have been heard from in all the big fights.

Talk French! Yes, we got onto it very well and could understand them until they began to jabber too fast—then it was all off. Say, but those French girls are corkers. Why, they have been doing everything—acting as stretcher-bearers, bringing ammunition up to the lines, planting wheat, farming, cutting wood—they have done real, hard work. Those French women have raised more wheat there the last year than France raised before during the entire war. They work! And the French look upon the Yankees as their saviours. They say if it had not been for the United States they would have lost.

The Germans! We couldn't bother to notice them much. Why if we scuffed our feet they would jump and run. Yes, I was with the army of occupation, but I was sent home because I was gassed so badly. Awful stuff, that gas! You don't know anything for five or six days, and then you find they are pouring water around you to keep you from sticking to the sheets. You are blind and blistered and can't breathe, and they give you nothing but hot stuff to drink, and you don't know whether you are going to croak or not—and don't care much, either. It is terrible to get into your system. I was so full of it that my lungs and heart were affected. The stuff they keep pouring down your throat is to keep you throwing, because in throwing you work the gas out of your lungs.

I have been over and done my bit and am back alive. Three bullet wounds, a slight wound from a piece of shrapnel on my jaw, and my system filled with gas, is what I got out of it, but I am lucky at that. If we had been used better over there and had enough to eat it wouldn't have been so bad, but there was certainly something wrong with the system.

After a battle the sights would be something awful, I can tell you. Sometimes we would look out and see men strung on that barbed wire, shot during the night attacks. Sometimes there would be a leg or an arm, and the rest of the man would be somewhere else—like as not up in a tree. Our boys would stand anything—they never turned back. Why, I only saw one fellow turn, and he was a lieutenant. I don't think he was showing a yellow streak, either—I think he was starting to 'dig in', because it was getting too hot for him, but down he went.

I have had men mowed down all around me—in front and behind and both sides—and I tell you it was some feeling, not knowing when you were to get yours. That fighting last July was something terrible. We went into it never expecting to come out alive, but we were game. Oh, America won the war, all right. There's no doubt of that. The French admit it, but the English don't. I suppose they think they could have won it without us! A fat chance they would have, had if the Yankees had not stepped in just as they did."

Private Fisher is back on his old job in the employ of J. Killen & Sons.

Thiaucourt, France,
January 1st, 1919.

Dear Miss Codd:

I received your most welcome Xmas Card, and wish to thank you most kindly for the wishes it conveyed.

I received a Nantucket paper this morning, the first I have received since my arrival in France, and I was certainly very glad to get it. I noticed that several of the home boys have been writing accounts of their doings since they came to France.

Hitherto, the censorship has made it impossible for us to write about our many experiences, but now we can write about everything we wish to, so I will try to relate some of our doings since we left the good old United States.

We left Hoboken August 17th, at 3.20 p. m., and after a most delightful trip of ten days landed at Brest, France, August 27th, at 4 p. m. We camped there in large fields in our "pup tents," with weather none too favorable.

On September 1st we were put aboard French boxcars and went to Raveriers, from there hiking to the towns of La Forges, La Maine and La Lolie. We stayed in these towns until September 27th.

I was stationed at La Maine with B Company of my regiment, and while there many of the boys contracted the "Spanish influenza." The captain doctor I was with took the public school and made it as best we could into a hospital, and out of about two hundred cases, two died—their's developing into pneumonia. It was almost as hard on us as it was the boys, for we did not have the facilities of a base hospital; but we did the best we could, watching them night and day.

On September 28th we left the villages for Maron, a day and a half ride on the train. Maron is the first town beyond Toul. On a hillside between Maron and Toul we camped for the day, hiking from 5.30 p. m. until 1.30 a. m., quartering at Plagny until the following night, when we adorned our full packs again and left for Ville St. Etienne, where we stayed for eight days.

It was at this town that we saw some French people make wine and champagne with their dirty feet. The boys decided then and there that they had had enough wine and champagne for some time to come.

On October 9th we made another short hike to Avrainville and the following night to Minorville.

These hikes were usually between eight and twelve miles. From Minorville we went to "Happy Hollow" (the reserve trenches). It was named "Happy Hollow" by the Germans, and from the condition we found the place in, they surely must have had many a good time.

Things were not so awfully lively while in the "Hollow", but three or four times German aeroplanes paid us a visit; however, no one was ever hurt.

No kind of lights were allowed, so we had to get to bed in the dark.

October 18th we went to the support trenches, and we surely knew then that there was war.

Many of the towns were entirely demolished and nothing left but the cellars.

We were in the support trenches eight days, and there experienced our first gas alarms and barrages. Most of the gas alarms were given at night, and it surely is not very comfortable trying to sleep with a gas mask on.

The artillery was located just behind our positions, which placed us between two fires; and we could hear the shells whistling over our heads all the time. Oftentimes the shells broke close to our dugouts, and as they were not very substantial, we were in constant danger of being buried alive. Such was the case two or three times, but the boys were not very badly hurt.

On a clear night we were always sure of an aerial visit from Fritz. One can distinguish the bombing plane by its motor and a fellow sure holds his breath when they approach. One night a plane dropped a bomb, which struck fairly close to my dugout, and upon exploding, showered the top of my dugout with large lumps of stone and clay. The explosion made a hole about twenty-five feet in diameter and ten feet deep.

October 26th we relieved one of our battalions on the front line. Here the hardest part of our work began. We established an aid station in an abandoned German dugout, which seemed like a palace to us, after the one we had occupied in the support line. It was approximately ten feet square and twelve feet deep. It was bomb-proof as long as it did not get a direct hit, also gas-proof.

The first few days were comparatively quiet and after that I guess things must have been too quiet to suit our colonel, for we received orders to be ready to go over the top in the morning. It would take quite a while to tell all about that morning; however, our venture was crowned with success and achieved with a slight loss.

November 3rd we were relieved by another regiment of our division, and were sent back of the lines for a rest. We were there but a few days when we heard the most conflicting rumors from the French soldiers passing through the town, that the war was over. We were quickly disillusioned, however, when we left for the front line again on Saturday morning, November 10th. We left at 2 a. m. and arrived at our destination in the afternoon about 3.30 o'clock. It was the worst hiking and the longest we had ever had.

We were to go into action at once, but the order was postponed. Our artillery started a barrage early the next morning, which reached its climax shortly before eleven, when every piece of artillery fired its farewell shot. At the appointed hour (November 11th, at 11 o'clock) the firing ceased and for a moment all was quiet, and then all of a sudden the cheering began on both sides. That evening we celebrated by building big bonfires, firing of captured German signal rockets and singing those good old songs, "My Old Kentucky Home," "The Old Folks at Home," and ending up with "Home, Sweet Home." It was a relief to be able to breathe natural once again.

The Germans began to evacuate the next day and we moved into the barracks they left.

The following afternoon several of the boys (myself included) went into Rembercourt, the village we were to capture the day before, and tried to talk with some of the Germans who were of the 109th M. G. Co. They shook hands with us and were very eager to talk. They were as glad as we that the war was over. We exchanged souvenirs, as money, buttons, etc.

We stayed in our advanced positions about two weeks, which were blessed with sunshine most of the time, a very unusual incident in northern France. Our advanced positions brought us within thirty kilometers of Metz.

When we were relieved we went back to Domevre. There the line boys were sent to various schools, such as Grenade, Automatic Rifle, Gas, French Mortar and Signal schools.

From Domevre we came here to Thiaucourt (December 8th). This town was badly demolished, but for all that we have the best billets we have had since we came to France. We are now counting the days for us to come home, as we have been taken out of the Army of Occupation.

Hoping to see good old Nantucket again soon, I remain

Cordially yours,

Private Bertram E. Morris,
Medical Dept., 1st Btn., 34th Infantry,
A. E. F.

Extracts From Letters From Norman Brooks.

Mrs. Josephine S. Brooks has sent us the following extracts from letters recently received by her from her son, Norman, who is with Battery A of the 335th Field Artillery, in France.

December 8, 1918.

We have been in this town (St. Loubes) for several days, but we do not know how much longer we will have to stay here. We do some drilling during the day, but have quite a little time to ourselves, although we cannot go very far outside of the town without a pass.

I have a pass to go to Bordeaux today, but I have no money, and will have to wait and go with one of the fellows this afternoon. I will only be able to stay there about three hours, but I can look around a little, anyway. It is quite a pretty little town here, and is situated not far from a large river.

Walter and I tried to walk to the river yesterday, but we were stopped by a military police. The marines have taken over almost all of the M. P. duty, now that the troops are returning to the States.

It is very warm here and almost every day we go around without our overcoats. When we first came it rained all the time, but the weather has been fine lately, and it seems just like spring. I don't think it ever gets very cold down in this part of the country.

I received your letter with the money in it the other day and was glad to get it. I could go down to Bordeaux all right on it if I only had it now.

We are right in the midst of thousands of acres of vineyards, and I guess the Bordeaux wine is made somewhere around here.

There is a fine church here, and I have been in it several times. I was in a part of the battery that was picked out to act as a guard at a memorial funeral, held for some French officer who was killed in battle some time ago. We all filed into the church, and then later formed around a memorial monument to the soldiers, outside the church. It was quite impressive, especially when the soldier's relatives stood around the monument.

I have just been to services held outside the mairie, which is the same as a town hall. It is the first service in English that I have been able to attend for quite a long time.

I cannot give you any information as to when I shall be home, as I do not know, but we are all hoping it will be soon. Anyway, it is a relief to everyone at home that the war is over, and that is something to be thankful for.

It is very inconvenient to be without any money so far from home; but we may be paid in a few days, and that will keep us for awhile.

It seems strange that I have not heard from anyone except you for such a long time.

It is almost time for the Bordeaux train, so I will close.

With love to all,

Norman B. Brooks.

December 14, 1918.

Well another week gone and we are still here. There was a large truckload of Christmas packages went by yesterday, and three of the fellows in our battery got theirs. They are handling them much faster than they did last year.

We are having a lot of rain lately but it is very warm, and clears off at night.

We have burks in our billets now, so we are much more comfortable.

The mail is just going, so I must close.

Love to all,

Norman.

December 16, 1919.

We have been in this town for over two weeks, and there is no telling how much longer we shall be here.

We are near a river, Garonne, I believe. It is pretty around here, and when the sun shines (as it does occasionally) it is very pleasant.

Bordeaux is a city of nearly half a million. It sounded home-like to hear the bells on the street cars, and to see the crowds on the street. This city is next in size to Paris, and is the largest place we have seen in France.

We drill five days a week, and have Saturday afternoons and Sundays to ourselves.

With lots of love,

Norman.

December 19, 1919.

The weather is rainy nearly every day, and all is mud under-foot. We are still in the dark about leaving here. We hope it will be soon.

I wish there was a Y. M. C. A. in town, as it would pass away the time more quickly. There is one at a camp, but it is too far to walk at night. The boys go crazy when I show them the Boston postcards you send.

I received the Christmas box and enjoyed its contents. The fountain-pen is fine, also the map of Boston and surroundings. The eats are all gone, and it certainly seemed good to have some good old American chocolate once more.

I must close, as I am going to see if I have any mail.

Love to all,

Norman.

January 7, 1919.

I have not heard from you or anyone for a long time, and I don't know where the mail can be.

We are working on the docks at Basseus, doing stevedore work. Basseus is a short distance from Bordeaux.

I cannot tell when we will get home, but we haven't given up hopes yet. I would like to get back soon; I know I am needed so much at home.

I have not seen a movie show, or in fact any kind of a show, since I left the States last August.

I wish I could get some mail from you, but no one is getting very much, and I am wondering if you are getting my letters now.

It rains nearly every day here and the mud is very bad, but I understand their spring starts soon, and perhaps it will be better weather then.

I have been to Bordeaux, but once, as we are very busy and do not have much time to go anywhere.

It is time to put out lights. I will try to write more next week.

With love to all,

Norman.

Battery A, 335th Field Artillery,
A. E. F., France.

Mrs. Parrish Told Experiences as French Army Nurse.

Nantucketers enjoyed a great privilege last Monday evening, when they were able to listen to the remarkable story of Mrs. Frances Devens Parrish's experiences as a nurse in the French army, told by herself in her own familiar, friendly manner, and illustrated by stereopticon pictures of the thrills of war, which were taken by herself during her service "over there."

Mrs. Parrish is a remarkable woman—a most interesting woman. She served thirty-one months in France, served as a war nurse with the army at the front, served within sound of gun and within reach of shell. She has come back honored with the "Croix de Guerre", having won distinction and well-merited commendation for the service which she gave. Her experiences were thrilling. She suffered the privations and hardships of the French army; she cared for the wounded and ministered to the dying; she gave up all that life held dear for her here in America, severed family ties and friendships, and went over there a volunteer worker in humanity's cause.

To listen to her story, to see her pictures thrown on the screen, to catch the little personal touch which accompanied her description of one scene after another, to hear from her own lips some of the incidents of her service, to receive a keener insight into what the war meant to France, was indeed a great privilege.

Her story, told in her own conversational manner, held the large audience gathered in Atheneum Hall, spell-bound, and as one picture after another was thrown upon the screen, many a person realized for the first time what the small band of American women who went over and served as nurses with the French army, went through.

Mrs. Parrish's talk was both interesting and instructive and she received frequent applause. The thanks of all are extended her for the privilege of listening to her story—a story which few other American women can equal. Mrs. Parrish not only brought back from her long term of service a record for bravery and devotion to duty seldom equalled by woman, but she returned with a collection of pictures which are priceless, and the pictures added greatly to her talk.

Corporal George Furber Tells of Interesting Experiences.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

I thought maybe after so long a lapse of time you'd like to hear from me again and know that I am still alive. And in this long time, believe me, we have done some moving about and seen some of the real army life, and, of course, some more of France.

I'll try and tell you as much as I can remember and am allowed to write about our doings since we left camp at Bordeaux. The whole regiment (300) left the vicinity of Bordeaux via the usual small French freight cars, for St. Armand.

Before we left Genicourt about all of the old 300 men were transferred to the 2nd Pioneer infantry which was doing labor work at the American docks and warehouses at Bordeaux. It seems that our men proved to be such good men at various work done there that they were kept and an equal number transferred to us from the 2nd Pioneers. That left about all the home fellows there, I think, only Mooney, Ashley, Chadwick and myself leaving with the 300.

Well, we started, after our departure being postponed several times on account of no transportation, and spent a couple of nights enroute, arriving at St. Armand in a pouring rain-storm. We hiked to the classification camp for breakfast, where we left our packs, which were carried to Charendon du Cher by truck while we walked.

The distance was about seven miles, but as we had the band with us, and they kept busy all the way, we did not mind it at all. Then came our first experience with billets and our men had all kinds, from the chateau where Regimental Headquarters was and its force of men slept, to all kinds of barns, attics and any old place it seemed where a man could get under cover.

We were all nicely settled there for a nice long stay as the 5th District 3rd Depot Division (the 76th) with Division Headquarters at St. Armand, when the "flu" came on and struck the home camps, and I guess not many men were being sent, so our Depot Division was broken up and we got orders to "set sail again", this time for St. Agnan, where the 1st Depot Division was (the 41st Division), and I think we never came so near going to the lines as we did then.

Worse luck we had than that, for about three weeks, anyway. About all the regimental office force were sent to what was known as a military specialist company of the 1st Depot Division, from which, as calls came for men to serve as clerks, mule-skinners, mechanics, etc., we were sent out. So one could not tell just where his next move would be.

We were there about three weeks, during which time the armistice was signed. We waited and waited and orders for our move were made and cancelled two or three times on account of transportation not being available, I believe, but finally another order came and also the trucks to carry us.

You can bet safely that when we left that place (St. Agnan) none of us ever wished to see it again. In those three weeks we got all we wanted, and a whole lot more. We were just simply "casuals", and, believe me, the life of a casual is anything but pleasant if what we went through has anything to do with it. And so was all the rest of the 76th Division. It went home, I believe, some time ago, but very few of its old personnel went with it—only 1st sergeants and a few officers. The rest are scattered over France.

Well, we left St. Agnan at 2 a. m. in a pouring rainstorm, in open trucks. I happened to be lucky enough to get a place on the seat, so did not get very wet. We travelled all the rest of the night and landed in Tours at 7 o'clock, where all went into the "Y" and got warm and cleaned up a bit. Then we were shown to our quarters.

Tours I find is a very pretty place, has plenty of interesting places to visit, and, well, it's a city somewhat like Bordeaux, but I think better in all ways. We all like it, anyway.

We are at work daily from 8.30 until 4.45 with the usual one-hour for dinner, every day excepting Sunday afternoons. We have passes good any time up to 10 p. m., and if we care to stay out a little later, to go to a show or something, can get a pass good until 12 o'clock. So this is, compared with our past stops, a real place.

I have a seven-day furlough to take some time, and I am thinking of doing so soon. We are given seven days at some leave area, all expenses paid, when having been in the A. E. F. four months, and I have passed that four months part some time ago. The fellows who have been say you just step out of military life for seven days—except, of course, the uniform.

We are working in a branch of the Chief Quartermaster "S. O. S.," known as the Graves Registration Service. We have here the complete record of every grave in France, and every man who either died or was killed in action. From here we notify the nearest relative to that effect. When we will finish our work it is hard to say, but we know there is an end to it sometime. Well, I don't know of much more to write this time. I guess you'll find this enough to figure out, anyway.

While at St. Agnan I met an old Nantucket fellow—John Duffey. He is in the medical corps there. And here at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Club I saw where Norman Giffin had registered. The last I saw of Duffey he was bound for California, and Giffin was at Devens.

I have not seen any of the papers lately, but hope they will catch up with me soon. Thanking you for all I have received and also have not (as I expect to get them some time) and hoping all are well, I will close.

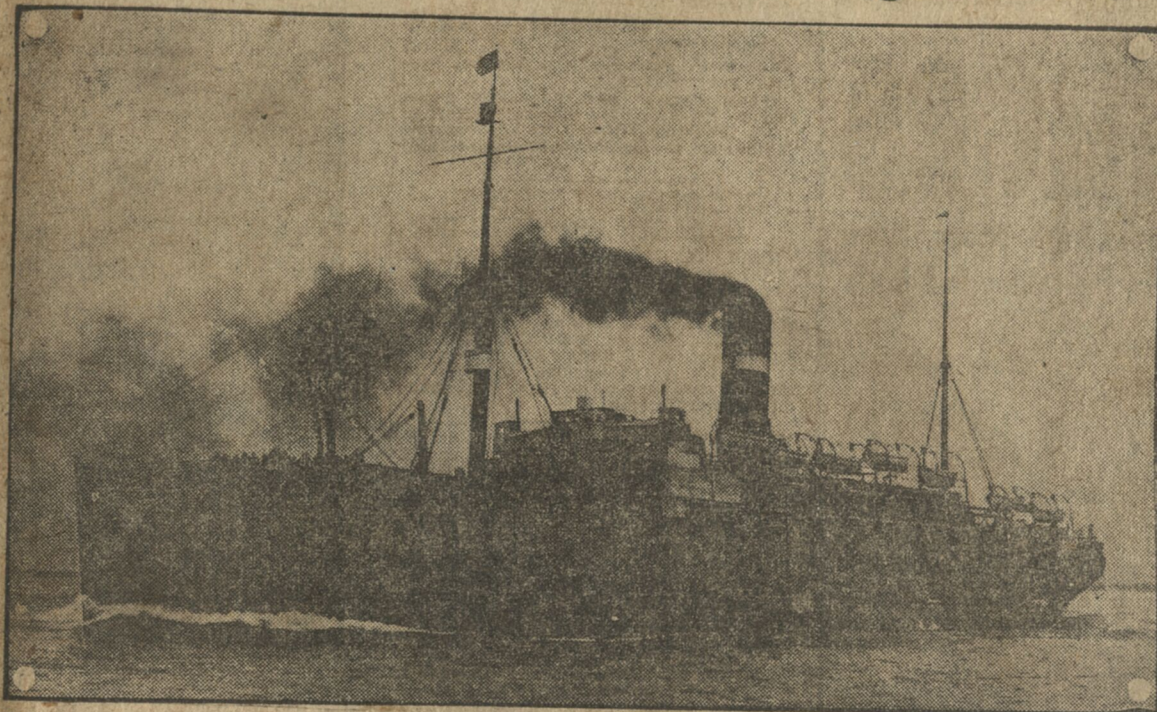
Very truly yours,
Corporal George S. Furber.
Tours, France.

Sergeant Edward W. Chadwick, the last of the Nantucket boys who were over-seas, arrived home Wednesday afternoon and received a cordial welcome from the community, which included a ride up-town in an automobile bedecked with flags and bunting.

Wallace Long, since his return from service over-seas, has commenced shingling his dwelling on upper Main street, which work was just to be started when the summons came for him to go to camp.

Meeting Private Edgar Adams, Monday evening, we ventured the query; "Well, Edgar, can you recall what you were doing a year ago today?" "Right well I can," was the reply. "Today is the 15th of September. I was wounded a year ago today, and I well remember it." We should think he might.

Arrives in Harbor at Sundown and Anchors For Night---Men on Board Joyous at Seeing Native Land Again



THE CANADA IN THE HARBOR.

Troops to Go to Camp Devens Today

Bringing home 1497 American soldiers from the battlefields of France and the camps of England, the steamship Canada plowed her way into the harbor late yesterday afternoon and at sundown dropped anchor over Bird Island Flats, off Commonwealth Docks. A tremendous cheer went up from the soldiers as the vessel cast anchor, but this was lost in the din made by hundreds of whistles ashore and afloat which shrieked their welcome to the war heroes.

The Canada came from Liverpool and Brest, under command of Capt John Davis. She left Brest Jan 10.

One Man Dies at Sea

A few New England men are among the returning soldiers, but for the most part they are from the South and far West, with a few New Yorkers. They are nearly all casualties from hospitals, but there are a few men of the American Air Service who were recently released from German prison camps.



**BACK IN AMERICA ON THE CANADA AFTER FIGHTING BATTLES
FOR WORLD DEMOCRACY AGAINST HUN HORDES IN EUROPE**



82D IN ACTION FIVE MONTHS

Wounded Heroes at Camp
Devens Tell How Com-
rades Died

6000 NEW ENGLAND BOYS IN DIVISION

CAMP DEVENS, Dec. 29.—A story of the glorious record of the 82d division, which, next to the 26th, contained more New England soldiers than any of the active divisions in France, has been gathered from wounded soldiers who served in the infantry regiments, 325th, 326th, 327th and 328th, and the machine gun battalions, 319th, 320th and 321st.

As is known, one-fifth of the 82d was composed of the pick of 8000 New England soldiers sent to Camp Gordon, Georgia, a year ago last October.

6000 Went to France

When it went to France it had more than 6000 of these men sprinkled throughout the division, with equal quotas of men from four other northern camps.

The division left Camp Gordon early last spring and went to Camp Upton as soon as the 77th division departed overseas. Here it remained until April, when it went to Liverpool, thence to Southampton and across to Havre. The division commander, Maj.-Gen. William E. Burnham, was succeeded by Maj.-Gen. Duncan. The units of the division went training with the British in the Somme area.

The 82d division gave its first service in the front line when it relieved the 26th division in the Toul sector last June. From that time until the armistice was signed it was in action all the time. It remained at Toul until August and was then shifted for the great St. Mihiel battle, occupying the extreme right of the line at Pont-a-Mousson and vicinity. Here again it was close to the 26th division, which was the southern jaw of the pincers.

The 82d then moved up to the Verdun front where it remained, fighting in the Argonne forests and in the advance which continued steadily until hostilities ended. In all, the division experienced five months' fighting. Many New England soldiers died in action and many were wounded, of whom several have returned to the native soil for the first time in more than a year, and are waiting for their wounds to heal before being discharged.

Camp Arrives

Glory Enough for All

Several anonymous correspondents, in more or less critical spirit, have written the Herald in deprecation of the elaborate arrangements now under way celebrating the home coming of the Yankee division. These writers seem to fear that New England may forget her other sons who went to the front and fought bravely with organizations other than the Twenty-sixth division. The letter here quoted is a fair example of the correspondence to which we refer:

One would suppose that New England had no other soldiers than those of the 26th division. The records show, however, that the 82d division, which won an enviable record in the fighting of the last months of the war, contained more than 6000 New England boys. How many bands will meet them on their home coming?

We wish, of course, that all the New England men who had a part in the war—those who served for shorter times or longer, those who won promotion and those who did not, those who return with scars and those who have only memories to recall their great adventure—we wish that every New England soldier, whatever his division, might have his share in the ovation that awaits the Twenty-sixth.

Obviously this is impossible. But the gallant fellows who served with the Eighty-second or with any other organization would be the last to begrudge their "buddies" of the Twenty-sixth their well-merited welcome. The Yankee division has earned all the cheers that New England will lavish upon them. Two pages of tomorrow's Herald will be devoted to the story of the Twenty-sixth and will show among other things that the division has to its credit nearly 150 citations from the great French leaders, that more than 7000 of its men have been cited for bravery, and that nearly 1000 have won the croix de guerre. These pages will show, moreover, that the 104th infantry is the only regiment in the United States army whose colors have been decorated by a foreign government; and that the total casualties of the Twenty-sixth division were almost 12,000, including more than 1700 killed.

No one, of course, would ask that New England refrain from honoring the men of the Twenty-sixth with the fulness of enthusiasm merely because every New England soldier cannot be in the great parade. In

welcoming the Yankee division we shall not forget the thousands of New England boys who fought with other organizations of the American army in France. Our cheers will be for them as well.

ALL-AMERICAN UNITS LAND IN N. Y.

Every State Represented
in Division

NEW YORK, May 18.—Units of the 82d, or All-American division, in which every state is represented, arrived here today from France on the steamships Noordam, Walter A. Luckenbach and Antonio Lopez. The military passenger lists totalled 5536 officers and men.

Brig.-Gens. Avery D. Anderson and Leroy G. Irwin of the regular army were aboard the Noordam. Gen. Anderson, who was deputy director of transportation and connected with the general staff, had the D. S. C., Legion of Honor and Order of the Crown of Belgium decorations.

The steamship Antonio Lopez brought 1174 military passengers.

Except for a few casual companies all of the troops on the Lopez belonged to the second battalion, 325th infantry, of the 82d division, which was commanded by Lt.-Col. Thomas L. Pierce of Boston. The regiment fought in the Argonne, Meuse and at Chateau-Thierry and is now made up largely of replacements which will be sent to 20 different camps.

The most cosmopolitan regiment that has returned from France, having in its ranks nearly all nationalities, including three Chinese and an Eskimo, returned on the steamship Luckenbach. This was the 327th infantry, composed of 28 officers and 245 men, under command of Col. J. F. Preston of Baltimore.

The regiment, which is part of the 82d division, went into the Argonne with 78 officers and 3500 men and came out with six officers and 330 men. It suffered its heaviest losses on Oct. 7, when it went to the aid of the "Lost Battalion." The regiment, which also saw service in the Toul, St. Mihiel and Argonne sectors, was cited many times. In the Argonne battle it fought continuously for 30 days.



HATTONCHATEL,

Which Rises More Than 600 Feet Above the Level of the Valley, and Is Just North of Vigneulles, Where the Two Thrusts of the American Army Came Together in the St. Mihiel Drive.



BEAUMONT, ST. MIHIEL SECTOR,

with, in the Foreground, the German Trench Defenses, and, in the Background, the Famous Dead Man's Curve.



WASH DAY BESIDE THE MOSELLE CANAL: A DOUGHBOY OF THE 82D DIVISION ASSISTED IN THE MONDAY MORNING PERFORMANCE BY A FRIENDLY NATIVE.
(Central News Service.)



RUINED XIVRAY AND ITS SURROUNDING BATTLEFIELD, SOUTHEAST FROM ST. MIHIEL.

Whitney Riddell.

As quietly and unobtrusively as he lived, our gentle friend has left us to pass into the invisible. For three-quarters of a century he was as much a part of Nantucket as Brant Point. He was shy to the point of oddity, but those who really knew him can testify to the bigness of his heart. No one will ever know how many he helped in secret when the tides were against them.

This generation saw only a frail old man, a quaint character to smile at, walking with uncertain steps from his home to the Roberts House; but his friends of the waterfront will always remember with admiration and respect one of the best cat-boat sailors of our time. It was a never-ending thrill to watch him bringing in his lovely craft in all weathers, sweeping into old North Wharf with the masterly skill of a true boatman. We can see him now, straight and confident, with a sure hand on the long tiller, a lonely figure sailing Westward into the welcoming light.

Austin Strong.

October 28th, 1944.

THE ALL-AMERICAN DIVISION

Thrilling History of 82d in 26 Days' Continuous Fighting During Meuse-Argonne Offensive

The 82d, or, as it is more generally known, the "All-American," Division, included when the armistice was signed more than 15,000 men from this part of the country, of whom more than 10,000 were selective draft men from New York City. Its battle commander was Major Gen. George H. Duncan, who had previously been in command of the 77th Division. The article following was written by Lieut. Col. George E. Roosevelt, who was the Division Chief of Staff, and Lieut. Col. G. Edward Buxton, Jr., of the 328th Infantry. Colonel Roosevelt is a son of G. Emlen Roosevelt. Colonel Buxton is a Providence newspaper man.

By Lt. Col. GEORGE E. ROOSEVELT

and

Lt. Col. G. EDWARD BUXTON, JR.

THE 82d Division was organized at Camp Gordon, near Atlanta, Ga., on Aug. 29, 1917, under the command of Major Gen. Eben Swift, and its personnel at the time of organization consisted of select men from the States of Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee. However, soon after its organization all of its enlisted personnel, with the exception of 863 men, were transferred to the National Guard of these three States and new personnel was sent in from practically every National Army cantonment in the United States, and as finally constituted it had soldiers in its ranks from every State in the Union, with the exception of five, and officers from every State excepting two. It also had in its ranks soldiers who are descended from practically every country in Europe, and so thoroughly did it represent a cross-section of the United States that when a name was being sought for the Division the term "All American" was decided on. The officers and soldiers wore on their left shoulder as a divisional insignia a blue circle superimposed on a red square, the blue circle showing the letters "AA," which the soldiers paraphrased into the words "All Aboard," signifying that the division is always ready for any emergency.

Seventh to Reach France.

The division left the United States on April 24, 1918, being the seventh complete division to arrive in France. It arrived at Liverpool May 6, 1918, and after a train journey across England, disembarked at Le Havre, France, May 13, 1918, and was immediately sent to the Somme River sector as a reserve division for the British Army, which was then menaced by the Hun offensive. The division did not get into action while serving in the British Army, although it had its first casualty there when Captain Jewett Williams of Atlanta, Ga., was killed while with an observation party at the front line.

After serving in the British Army about five weeks the division was transferred to the defense of Toul, where it relieved the 28th United States Division, and was placed in the Eighth French Army, seeing its first active service in the defense of this historic French city. It continued to be an integral part of the Eighth French Army until the First American Army was organized in August, 1918, at which time it constituted a part of that army and served therein until after the armistice.

During the latter part of August the division was withdrawn from the Toul sector and thrown into the Marbache sector, in the vicinity of the ancient town of Pont-a-Mousson, on the Moselle River, which is within sight of Metz. While in this sector the division participated in the first American offensive, the St. Mihiel drive, holding the extreme right flank, and being astride of the Moselle River during this offensive. The division suffered about 1,200 casualties during the operation, in which it advanced five kilometers on the west bank of the Moselle, and captured the towns of Norroy and Vandœuvre.

Upon the conclusion of the St. Mihiel offensive the division was sent into the famous Argonne Forest offensive, and there it had the distinction of remaining in continuous action for a period longer than any other division engaged

in that offensive. The 82d was continuously in the front lines in the greatest battle of American history, the Meuse-Argonne offensive, for twenty-six days. The division was in the First Army and 1st Corps reserve from Sept. 25 until Oct. 6, 1918, when it was thrown into the fight, and continued in battle until relieved Nov. 1, 1918. On Oct. 6 the 1st Division had driven a salient in the German line extending to the town of Fleville, 1,000 yards in advance of the 28th Division on its left.

The High Command determined upon a desperate and hazardous venture. The 82d Division was selected to make a

flank attack due west across the front of the 28th Division. The 77th Division was on the left of the 28th Division, still further to the west in the forest. The division moved up the Aire Valley on the night of Oct. 6 through pitch blackness, rain, mud, and continuous shell-fire. It forded the Aire River in the night, and assaulted the rugged heights which constitute the eastern boundary of the Argonne Forest.

In four days of desperate fighting the lance head was driven home for four kilometers into the heart of the German position. The 77th Division was released from the pressure which had opposed it for nearly two weeks, and the entire forest and the Upper Aire Valley were clear of the enemy. No more savage and costly fighting occurred in the Meuse-Argonne offensive than took place in this flank attack. Attack and counterattack followed without intermission day and night from the morning of Oct. 7 until the enemy everywhere gave way on Oct. 10.

Running west from the town of Conny is a ridge called Champrocher which rivals in height and perpendicular walls the dimensions of Missionary Ridge. This commanding position was stormed on Oct. 8 by 500 men from the 327th Infantry, all but eighty of whom were killed or wounded before the crest was reached. The survivors fought off

the swarms of German infantrymen and machine gunners which endeavored to surround them. This inadequate handiwork was withdrawn during the night for the ridge. Only a handful of this second assault survived. On the 10th Champrocher was taken and held.

Sergeant York's Exploit.

The corps objective which the 328th Infantry reached on Oct. 8 was a narrow-gauge railroad which supplied the German troops opposing the 77th Division with food and ammunition. The strategic line was seized and held in

assault of great brilliancy by the Battalion, 328th Infantry. It was during this attack that Sergeant Alvin York, with some assistance from seven men in his squad, fought and whipped a first-class German battalion, capturing and bringing into our lines 132 prisoners, including the German Major and three other officers. This has been called the outstanding individual achievement of the war, and Sergeant York received the Congressional Medal of Honor and the personal thanks of the Commander in Chief. That night, Oct. 8, this battalion, clinging to the narrow-gauge railroad, could hear the vehicles of the German transports moving north out of the forest.

An example of the character of resistance met and the spirit of our troops can be found in an incident which was noted by an officer of the 325th Infantry, who relieved a company of the 328th on the morning of Oct. 10. As the relieving officer led his men up a steep trail over which the 328th Infantry had passed, he saw lying on the path the bodies of one American and one Prussian soldier, cheek to cheek, each with his bayonet run through the middle of his opponent's body.

The town of Marcq was taken Oct. 10 by the 82d Division, and the village of La Besogne was entered simultaneously by the 82d and 77th Divisions. On

Oct. 11, the 82d Division attacked north from Fleville and penetrated the outpost line of the Kriemhilde-Stellung, the last organized line of resistance in possession of the enemy, south of Sedan. On Oct. 14 another successful attack swept through the north half of St. Juvin, on our left flank, and up to the outskirts of St. Georges, on our right flank, cutting through the wire of the main Kriemhilde-Stellung. A few minutes later units from the 77th Division entered the southern outskirts of St. Juvin.

Island Banker Dies Suddenly

William Holland, 76, Active in Many Nantucket Affairs

Special to Standard-Times

NANTUCKET, Dec. 28—William Holland, 76, former member of the Nantucket Board of Selectmen and vice-president of the Nantucket Institution for Savings Bank, died Christmas Eve at the Nantucket Cottage Hospital after a three-year illness. Death was due to complications.

Mr. Holland was taken to the hospital five hours before his death after he had taken a turnful was withdrawn during the night for the worse.

Well known in Nantucket, Mr. Holland for many years conducted a grocery business. He later became a member of the Board of Selectmen and served for several terms, being at one time chairman.

He was vice-president of the Nantucket Institution for Savings Bank up to the time of his death.

Owner of considerable property on the island at one time, he also operated a taxi business under the name of the Central Taxi.

He leaves two sisters, Mrs. Margaret Defriez and Mrs. Mary Small, both of Nantucket; three grandchildren, Mrs. Marguerite Brady of New York; Miss Janet Snow and Byron Snow, both of Nantucket.

Mr. Holland made his home at 4 Gay Street.

A Bronco-Busting ex-Sheriff.

On Oct. 15, the famous Hill 182, north-east of St. Juvin, was taken soon after daybreak in dramatic circumstances by Captain Frank Williams and the Machine Gun Company of the 325th Infantry. Captain Williams was formerly Deputy Sheriff in Montana and Wyoming, and during those days won some twenty gun fights with cattle outlaws. He also had won the bronco-breaking contest at Cheyenne and had become an exponent of the art of riding wild horses in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. Captain Williams won a D. S. C. on Hill 182 single-handed, killing five Germans and rescuing an American prisoner. He and his machine gun company broke up a strong German counterattack on Hill 182 on the morning of Oct. 15, and in a five-hour fight won the hill for permanent American possession.

It was on this day that Lieutenant William C. Acheson, Company A, 320th Machine Gun Battalion, led his platoon against an overwhelming majority of German infantry and machine gunners, threatening the flank of the division attack. When the last man of the platoon was shot down, Lieutenant Acheson seized one of his machine guns and continued to operate it alone until he himself was killed.

On Oct. 16 the 326th Infantry succeeded in getting a foothold on the exposed slopes east of the German fortress of Champigneulle, north of St. Juvin. The line swayed back and forth over this contested line from Champigneulle to St. Georges for several days, until, on Oct. 21, the 325th Infantry seized for the third time the north slope of the Ravine Aux Pierre. From this position we were never thereafter evicted.

"Dead" for Five Days.

A remarkable incident occurred in this ravine on Oct. 18, when Captain Varnados, 325th Infantry, was struck unconscious by the explosion of a large enemy shell which landed a few feet away. Two of his Sergeants examined his body and believed him to be dead. A German counterattack enveloped the flanks of our unit in the ravine and drove the Americans back to the nearest ridge. The ravine was covered with machine-gun fire and constantly bombarded with gas shells during the days that followed until Oct. 21, when we again seized the ravine. Captain Varnados was found still unconscious, but unscratched. A spark of life had continued during five days and nights of constant shellfire, gas, and cold rain. The Captain finally recovered at the hospital.

In this offensive, the 82d Division was opposed by six German divisions. During the twenty-six days the 82d Division captured 845 prisoners. It is a matter of pride to this division that this number constitutes more than 50 per cent. of the prisoners captured by the 1st American Corps during that time, consisting of the 28th, 77th, 78th, and 82d Divisions.

The killed and wounded of the 82d Division in the Meuse-Argonne offensive totaled 215 officers and 5,794 men.

This does not include the hundreds of men who were evacuated for pneumonia or collapsed from exhaustion and dysentery.

Two members of the division have won the Congressional Medal of Honor and seventy-three have won the D. S. C. A large number of Croix de Guerres were awarded by the French Government to officers and men of the 82d Division.

The importance attached to the flank attack by the 82d Division into the Argonne Forest between Oct. 6 and 11 is indicated by the following telegram sent by direction of General Pershing:

Headquarters 1st Army Corps, Oct. 7, 1918, G. G., 82d Division, G-3, 1095 period.—The Commander in Chief directed me to congratulate General Julien R. Lindsey on the success of his thrust, in which I heartily concur. (Sgd.) Liggett, 4:30 P. M.

After the armistice the Division Commander of the 82d Division, Major Gen. George B. Duncan, received the following communication from General Pershing:

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

Office of the Commander in Chief, France, Feb. 19, 1919.

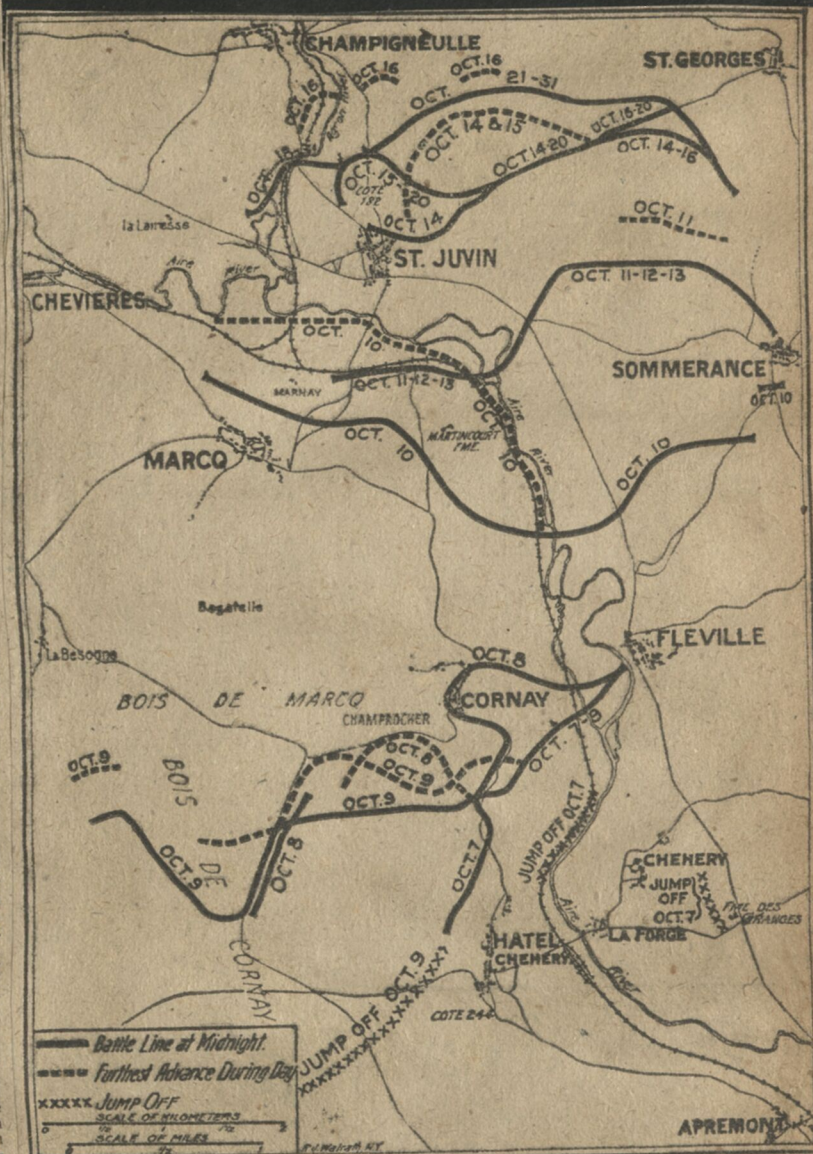
Major General George B. Duncan, Commanding 82d Division, A. E. F.

My Dear Gen. Duncan: It gives me a great deal of pleasure to extend to you and the officers and men of the 82d Division my compliments upon their excellent appearance at the inspection and review on Feb. 11 near Prauthoy. It was gratifying to see your troops in such good physical shape, but still more so to know that the moral tone of all ranks is so high. It is hoped that this will continue, even after their return to civil life.

Your division is to be congratulated on its record in France. At the end of June it was placed in a quiet sector of the French line to release veteran divisions for the battle. From the 12th to the 18th of September it took part in the first American offensive at St. Mihiel, attacking and occupying Noyon and the heights north and west of Vandieres. In this operation it advanced five kilometers. In the Meuse-Argonne offensive the division attacked on Oct. 7, and was engaged almost continuously for twenty-five days. Attacking across the River Aire, it assisted the 28th and 27th Divisions to advance, and captured Cornay. The town of Marcoq and the strong position of Hill 182 and the town of St. Juvin were also captured, making a total advance of twelve kilometers.

The officers and men of your division may proudly carry home with them the gratitude of the Allies with whom they fought, and the pride of their fellows throughout our forces. Sincerely yours, JOHN J. PERSHING.

In view of the fact that the personnel of the division comes from all parts of the United States a division association has been organized with representatives in all military departments of the country.



82d Division's Operations—Meuse-Argonne.

John Marcelino

Special to Standard-Times

NANTUCKET, Dec. 28—John Marcelino, 41, of 5 George Street, who conducted a barber shop in Main Street, died at the Nantucket Cottage Hospital yesterday.

Mr. Marcelino was taken ill eight weeks ago and shortly afterward was removed to the hospital. Death was due to a chest tumor. He was born in Terceira, Azores, and came to this country when he was nine years old. He resided in New Bedford for several years and came to Nantucket 21 years ago.

Mr. Marcelino is survived by his widow, the former Miss Mary Foster, and a daughter, Margaret, of Nantucket; a brother, Manuel Tavares and two half-sisters, Mrs. Antone Sylvia and Mrs. Joseph Fernandes, all of New Bedford.

G. H. Q.
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES,

GENERAL ORDERS }
No. 38-A. }

FRANCE, February 28, 1919.

MY FELLOW SOLDIERS:

Now that your service with the American Expeditionary Forces is about to terminate, I can not let you go without a personal word. At the call to arms, the patriotic young manhood of America eagerly responded and became the formidable army whose decisive victories testify to its efficiency and its valor. With the support of the nation firmly united to defend the cause of liberty, our army has executed the will of the people with resolute purpose. Our democracy has been tested, and the forces of autocracy have been defeated. To the glory of the citizen-soldier, our troops have faithfully fulfilled their trust, and in a succession of brilliant offensives have overcome the menace to our civilization.

As an individual, your part in the world war has been an important one in the sum total of our achievements. Whether keeping lonely vigil in the trenches, or gallantly storming the enemy's stronghold; whether enduring monotonous drudgery at the rear, or sustaining the fighting line at the front, each has bravely and efficiently played his part. By willing sacrifice of personal rights; by cheerful endurance of hardship and privation; by vigor, strength and indomitable will, made effective by thorough organization and cordial co-operation, you inspired the war-worn Allies with new life and turned the tide of threatened defeat into overwhelming victory.

With a consecrated devotion to duty and a will to conquer, you have loyally served your country. By your exemplary conduct a standard has been established and maintained never before attained by any army. With mind and body as clean and strong as the decisive blows you delivered against the foe, you are soon to return to the pursuits of peace. In leaving the scenes of your victories, may I ask that you carry home your high ideals and continue to live as you have served—an honor to the principles for which you have fought and to the fallen comrades you leave behind.

It is with pride in our success that I extend to you my sincere thanks for your splendid service to the army and to the nation.

Faithfully,

John J. Pershing

Commander in Chief,

OFFICIAL:

ROBERT C. DAVIS,
Adjutant General.

Copy furnished to _____

Commanding.

Was German Prisoner.

Private Earl Mayo arrived home Saturday afternoon and received a royal welcome from relatives and friends who assembled on the dock to greet him. Whistles blew, bells rang, and there was a good time in general. Private Mayo is one of the Nantucketers who went through some hard experiences in France and at one time he was reported by the War Department as having been killed in action, his death being confirmed by his company commander. A short time after his name appeared in the casualty list, however, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mayo, received a letter from him stating that he was held prisoner by the Germans, but was still alive and in good health. The story of his experiences in the hands of the Germans would make interesting reading.

"Scarred-up Bill" Back.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Chase received word by telegraph, Monday afternoon, that their son, William H. Chase, Jr., has arrived in New York from over-seas, and was sent to Camp Merritt, N. J., but will probably not be discharged for several weeks. "Scarred-up Bill" deserves a royal welcome when he arrives home—and he will probably get it—for he has been through all kinds of experiences and was not heard from for nearly six months. A shrapnel wound on the forehead, a bayonet wound just below the heart, blinded and burned by gas—are some of the things which Bugler Chase has to remember the Germans by.

Members of Byron L. Sylvano Post, American Legion, attended.

Deaths 1942

Mrs. Elsie Chadwick

NANTUCKET, Sept. 30—Mrs. Elsie Chadwick, 64, of 62 Union Street died last night at Nantucket Cottage Hospital.

She was the widow of Albert S. Chadwick. There are no immediate surviving relatives.

Obituary.

Nantucket has been saddened the past week by the death of Joseph McCleave Swain, a young man who was highly esteemed by all and who had a host of friends. He had been in failing health for several months, stricken with an affection of the kidneys which baffled medical skill, yet up to a few days prior to his passing on Saturday morning last it was thought he would recover sufficiently to again mingle with his fellow-men.

"Joe" Swain was a young man whose character was above reproach; he possessed a genial temperament which won him friends; and he was always the "hale fellow well met" wherever and with whom he might be brought in contact, with a smile and a cheery word for all. Deeply interested in everything pertaining to Nantucket, he gave of the best that was in him at all times and was ever a loyal son of the island.

Wherever he went, either in the path of duty or in a social or fraternal way, "Joe" Swain was always welcome. He had served as one of the letter carriers in Nantucket from the time the service was inaugurated and in that capacity he made a wide circle of acquaintances, both among the townspeople and among the summer population.

When the summons came for service in the World War, he cheerfully responded and served his country well, both in camp on this side and over-seas, being attached to the Headquarters Company of the 302d Infantry.

Born in Nantucket, November 24, 1888, Swain received his education in the town schools and graduated from the High School in the class of 1908. Since his graduation, the greater part of his active life, excepting when in the army, has been in the employ of the local postoffice, as clerk and carrier.

Last February he was elected to the School Board and served the town to the best of his ability, showing the same fine qualities of manhood in public office that he cherished in private life.

As superintendent of the Unitarian Sunday school and a member of the



THE LATE JOSEPH MCCLEAVE SWAIN.

Unitarian parish, the deceased was an active worker, and it was fitting that the funeral services were held in the church building on Orange street wherein he had worked so well and been so faithful an attendant.

There was a large gathering of friends and acquaintances Tuesday afternoon when final tribute was paid to the memory of "Joe" Swain. Delegations from the several fraternal organizations to which the deceased belonged attended and the business of the town was practically suspended during the hour of services.

The American Legion, Odd Fellows, Encampment, Daughters of Rebekah, and the Masonic order, all were largely represented, the services being in charge of the latter organization. Remarks were made by the Rev. J. C. Kent, and by the Rev. Charles A. Ratcliffe, both speakers paying fitting tributes to the memory of the departed. A quartet composed of Miss Hazel Thomas, Mrs. Clara Baker, Peter M. Hussey and Harry E. Smith sang "Abide With Me" and "Some-time We'll Understand."

The final service at the Prospect Hill cemetery was in accordance with Masonic rites.

The pall-bearers were Leonard Morris, representing the Encampment; William Donnell, representing the Odd Fellows; Dr. F. E. Lewis and Earl Ray, representing the American Legion Post; and Maurice W. Boyer and John McLeod, representing the Masonic Lodge.

Besides his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Israel M. Swain, the deceased is survived by a sister, Miss Lillian Swain, and by three brothers, Randolph M. Swain, Alanson W. Swain and Israel M. Swain, Jr., to whom the deepest sympathy of all is extended in their hour of sorrow.

As one of the speakers said at the funeral services Tuesday afternoon, Nantucket is infinitely poorer by Joe Swain's death, but Nantucket is infinitely richer through Joe Swain's life, for he was "a good soldier" in every sense of the word.

MY WREATH FOR HIM.

1888—Joseph McCleave Swain—1921

There are other saints, as well as those
Who lived in ancient days;
Brave hearts and smiling faces theirs,
Uncrowned by aureate rays.
And such was he—our cherished friend—
Knight errant from above;
So brave and faithful to the end;
So gentle in his love.
He scattered roses everywhere;
He made the burdens light
For others, while his radiant mirth
Like sunshine blessed the sight.
Life's battles o'er; his work well done;
He sleeps, as soldier should,
With peace emblazoned on his crest—
Pure star of brotherhood.
And when the "gates" shall open wide
To them he loved below,
How sweet to meet in welcome there
The face of "smiling Joe!"

—Anna Starbuck Jenks.
Nantucket, January 15th, 1921.

Former Island Boat Line Skipper Weds

Special to Standard-Times

NANTUCKET, March 22—Marriage of Captain J. Fred Negus, retired skipper of the New Bedford, Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket Steamboat Line, to Miss Edna M. Brundage of West Roxbury, has been announced to friends here. Captain Negus and his first wife were residents of Nantucket for many years. Captain and Mrs. Negus are making their home in Portsmouth, R. I.

Retired Island Boat Captain Takes Bride

Special to Standard-Times

NANTUCKET, March 21—Word was received today of the marriage of Captain James F. Negus, formerly of Nantucket, a retired captain of the New Bedford, Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket Steamboat Line, to Miss Edna M. Brundage of West Roxbury.

Captain Negus was in command of the steamer New Bedford when the 1938 hurricane hit Southeastern Massachusetts. He docked the vessel without mishap only 20 minutes before the tidal flood reached its peak. The steamer had 65 passengers who were kept on board until the next day. Captain and Mrs. Negus are living in Portland, R. I.

Nantucket Pays Tribute To Sylvaro's Memory.

Nantucket has paid fitting tribute to the memory of Private Byron L. Sylvaro, of Company M, 103d Infantry, who gave his life in the great world crisis, along with thousands of other brave young men.

Private Sylvaro died on the 19th of July, 1918, from wounds received at the battle front in France. His body reached Nantucket on Sunday last and was escorted to the residence of his widowed mother on Union street by a delegation from the local American Legion Post. The remains arrived in Hoboken, N. J., several weeks ago, with about 7,000 other bodies, and it was not until Saturday that definite word was received from the war department that Private Sylvaro's body had been started on the last leg of the journey to his home in Nantucket.

Funeral services were held Tuesday morning at 9.00 o'clock, in the Church of Our Lady of the Isle, the Rev. Father Griffin officiating. The town suspended business during the hour of services as a tribute to the memory of the only Nantucket boy who made the great sacrifice at the front in France, and the town bell was tolled as a further mark of respect.

Arrangements for the services were in charge of Charles C. Chadwick, commander of Byron L. Sylvaro Post, American Legion, who happened to be the last man to see Sylvaro alive, crawling along through the trench and conversing with him a few minutes after he was wounded.

The church auditorium was crowded Tuesday morning, with a large delegation of World War veterans present, together with a number of



The Late Private Sylvaro

the Grand Army veterans and Messrs. Stuart and Thomson of the British veterans. Twelve ladies of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Post were also in attendance.

During the funeral Mass the church choir, combined with members of other church choirs, sang "Lead Kindly Light" and "Nearer My God to Thee." Mrs. May Marshall Righter rendered two solos, "Ave Maria," and "Abide With Me," accompanied on the organ by Mrs. John B. Coffin. At the close of the Mass the choir sang "The Star Spangled Banner."

Then entered four armed soldiers, who stood at attention in front of the casket while Bugler William H. Chase, Jr., played "taps."

The remains were then escorted to the Catholic cemetery by members of the American Legion, led by Major Michel Jacobs and Major Frank Gilbreth, members of the Byron Sylvaro Post, some in army uniforms, some in navy uniforms, and others in civilian clothes, while a large number of the townspeople either walked or drove in order that they might pay their final tribute to Sylvaro's memory at the grave.

The pall-bearers were eight members of the American Legion Post—Charles C. Chadwick, George H. Mackay, Jr., Patrick McGrath, Cyril Ross, William M. Bartlett, Jr., Earl S. Ray, Wallace N. Long and Lincoln Porte.

A brief committal service was said by Father Griffin and the flag which draped the casket was removed and handed to the mother of the deceased just before the casket was lowered. Taps were sounded on the bugle by William H. Chase, Jr., and several volleys were fired over the grave by Privates Cummings, Crocker, Mooney and Whelden, who wore their full service uniforms, even to "tin hats."

As a climax to the services, an airplane circled over the cemetery and as it neared the ground a floral piece was dropped. Three times the plane circled, each time dropping a floral tribute, which was picked up, to be placed on the grave later.

NEIGHBORS ARE HONOR GUESTS

Chilmark, West Tisbury
Join as Hosts to Nan-
tucket Grange

Special to Standard-Times.

WEST TISBURY, Oct. 24—Neighbors' night was observed last evening by the West Tisbury and Chilmark Granges which entertained 21 members from the Nantucket Grange as well as a large group of Grangers from neighboring towns. Guest representatives were present from Warwick, Harwich, Yarmouth, Wamsutta, New Century, Clarendon, and Plainsville Granges.

The honor guests were greeted at the Oak Bluffs pier when they arrived at the Island on the morning boat. The visitors were taken on a tour of the down-Island towns, returning to the homes of their hosts for dinner. In the afternoon the up-Island towns were visited by the guests.

At 6 p. m. a supper was served at the Agricultural Hall for the entire group. About 100 were served by a joint committee from the entertaining committee which included Mrs. Ebba Ekberg, Mrs. Annie Norton, Mrs. Edith Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. William Kirkland and Mrs. Sidney Gordon.

Allen Readings Given

The program for the evening consisted of a short Grange meeting with stations being filled by the officers of Chilmark Grange. Piano solos were given by Robert McGunnis, followed by a welcome address by Joseph C. Allen, master of West Tisbury Grange. A response was given by Master Cecil Richrod of Nantucket Grange.

Game Warden Gordon Spofford presented a talk and readings from "Long Side the Stove at Sanderson's," by Joe Allen, were heard. Humorous stories were told by Edward Terry, past master of Nantucket Grange. Then followed a speech by First Past Master John Bartlett of Nantucket. Games were played. Edward Luce told fortunes.

The hall was artistically decorated with Autumn foliage and an abundance of choice dahlias, the latter presented to the visiting women at the close of the evening.

Further entertainment was provided for the guests until their departure on the noon boat today.

Mrs. Albert K. Sylvia

Special to Standard-Times.

EDGARTOWN, Oct. 23—Mrs. Albert K. Sylvia, 35, died at her home on Main Street yesterday afternoon. Heart disease was the cause of her sudden death.

Mrs. Sylvia was born in Provincetown and her maiden name was Honola Sparrow. At the age of 14 she was married to Albert K. Sylvia and for 14 years they have been residents here.

Mrs. Sylvia was a communicant of the St. Elizabeth Catholic Church. She was also a member of the Katama Council.

She leaves two sons, Albert and Alvin, who are 12 years of age. Her husband, captain of a pleasure yacht "Mary Alice", is in New York.

NANTUCKET GRANGERS VISIT IN CHILMARK

Special to Standard-Times.

CHILMARK, Oct. 25—The visiting members of the Nantucket Grange, who came to the Vineyard Monday, as guests of Chilmark and West Tisbury Granges, who were entertained here, included the master, Cecil Richrod, who was the overnight guest of Past Overseer and Mrs. Ralph F. Tilton. Edward Terry, overseer, and Truman Roff, a member of the executive board, were guests of Past Master and Mrs. D. Herbert Flanders. Mrs. Everett Trask, lady assistant steward of Old Colony South Pomona and treasurer of the Wamsutta Grange, New Bedford, and Mrs. Herbert Wood, treasurer of the Nantucket Grange, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Donald R. Campbell, members of the West Tisbury Grange, at their Summer home at Menemsha. Two of the visitors were entertained at the Gay Head Lighthouse by Mr. and Mrs. James Dolby.

Eight of the 22 members of Nantucket Grange who were guests of West Tisbury and Chilmark Granges Monday and Tuesday, were entertained here by West Tisbury Grangers.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bartlett were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Norton, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Turner entertained Mrs. John Gardner and Mrs. Martha Johnson. Miss Blanche Cahoon and Miss Eva Rowley were entertained by Mrs. Etta M. G. Luce, and Mrs. Ruth Norton and Mrs. Mildred Corkish were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Merry.

CAPE COUPLE ARE MARRIED IN CITY

Miss Sippola Becomes Bride
of H. F. Washburn

1933

Under a canopy of white, with a large white bell, and flecked with Autumn leaves, Miss Martha E. Sippola of Hyannis and Harold F. Washburn, son of Mrs. A. C. Wilbur of Pocasset, were united in marriage in this city Friday night.

The double ring ceremony was performed by the Rev. Charles S. Thurber at the home of the bridegroom's aunt, Mrs. Henrietta M. Hermann of 52 Smith Street, in the presence of relatives and intimate friends. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Washburn, brother of the bridegroom and sister of the bride, were the attendants. Mrs. George R. Moore gave the bride in marriage and the wedding march was played by the bridegroom's grandmother, Mrs. Henrietta P. Humphrey.

The bride was beautiful in a gown of white satin fashioned in long, close fitting lines with crystal beaded neck. Her lace edged tulle veil fell from a becoming lace cap caught with orange blossoms and she carried a bouquet of white roses. The matron of honor was gowned in pink silk lace and carried a bouquet of pink roses.

The rooms were prettily decorated with vari-colored dahlias and other garden flowers for the reception which followed the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. Washburn will live in their new home in Pocasset on their return from a motor trip to Niagara Falls.

Members of Nantucket Grange Guests on Vineyard.

Twenty-one members of the Nantucket Grange were entertained on Monday evening last, on the Vineyard, by members of the West Tisbury and Chilmark Granges. Guests were also present from other near-by towns.

The Nantucket contingent were met at the Oak Bluffs wharf when they arrived about 9:00 o'clock that morning and were taken on a drive around the island, returning to the homes of their hosts for dinner.

At 6:00 o'clock supper was served in the Agricultural Hall for the entire group and following the repast an interesting program was carried out. The stations were filled by members from the Chilmark Grange. There were piano solos by Robert McGunnis, followed by a welcoming address by Joseph Chase Allen, Master of the West Tisbury Grange, with a response by Cecil Richrod, Master of the Nantucket Grange.

The program included readings, humorous stories by Edward Terry, past master of the Nantucket Grange, and remarks by John H. Bartlett, Sr., the first Master of the Nantucket Grange.

The Nantucketers were royally entertained during their stay on the Vineyard and had a very enjoyable outing.

Mrs. Albert K. Sylvia, who died in Edgartown on Saturday last, of heart disease, was born in Provincetown, but resided in Nantucket a number of years. She will be recalled as Miss Honola Sparrow, who was employed here as a telephone operator. She was a sister of Mrs. Howard W. Hull, of this town. Besides her husband, she leaves twin sons, about twelve years of age.

Agnes L. Bickerstaff.

A kindly smile! A kindly word!

Help for the sick, the needy and, above all, a never ending thought for service.

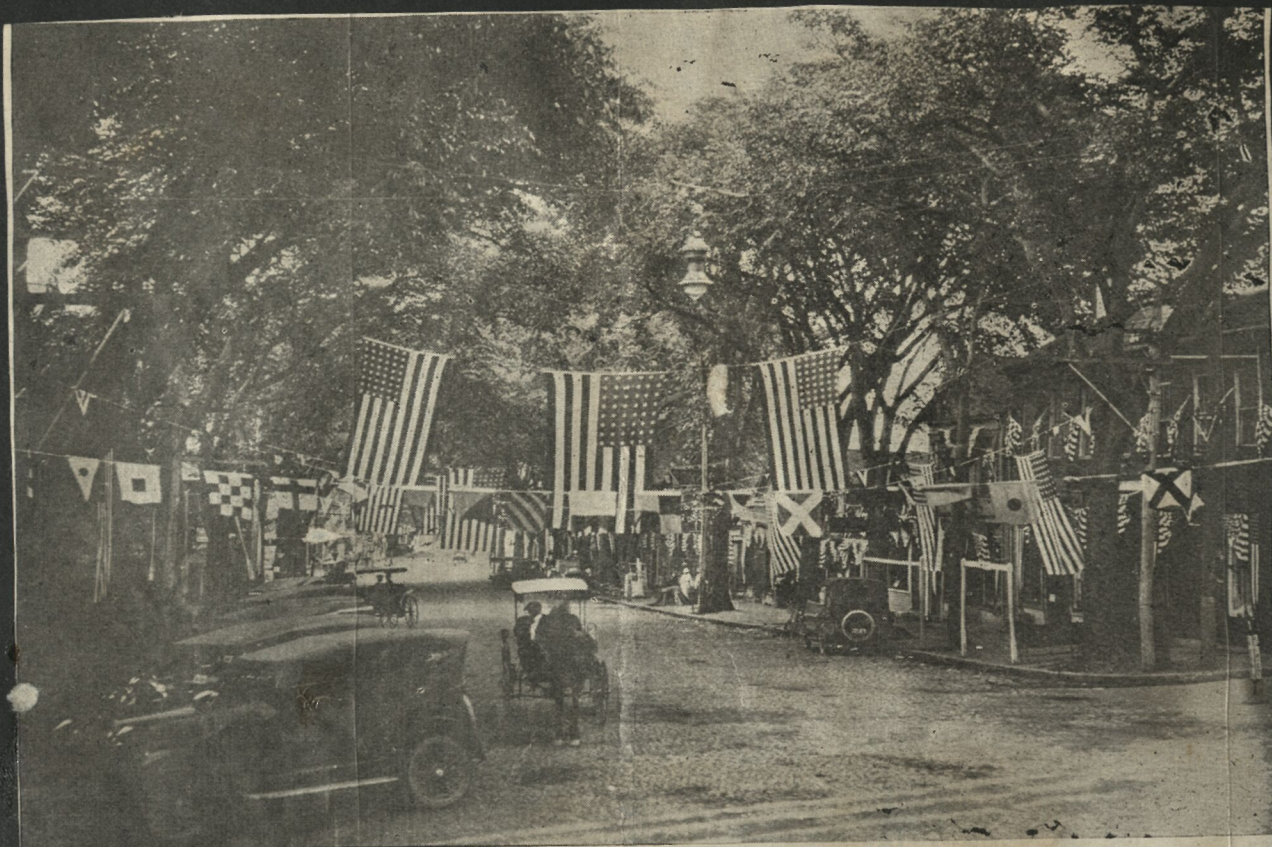
Such a person was Agnes Bickerstaff.

Her first and last commandment was—"One kind act each day."

She truly lived the following lines:

Lead our feet that we may bear
Joy and comfort everywhere.
Guide our hands that they may be
Tireless in love's ministry.
Touch our lips that they may speak
Hope and courage to the weak.
Bless our eyes that they may see
Christ in others constantly.

1934 —M. H. C.



A view of Main Street taken by Boyer's camera.



Governor Cox chatting with Senior Past Master James A. Holmes.

Death of Former Nantucket Golf Course Professional.

Daniel Van Wickler, who was a former golf professional at the Nantucket Golf Course for twenty years, died at his home in Springfield last week. A military funeral was held at the R. D. Toomey funeral home at West Springfield on Friday week, the Rev. Harry L. Oldfield officiating. The bearers were: George Chilton, Harry Chilton, Jr., Richard and Thomas Daly, Robert Fenton and Harry Brayshaw. **OCTOBER 1940**

The firing squad from the West Springfield post of the American Legion, fired a salute over the grave. Burial was in Paucatuck cemetery.



Governor Cox and Brother Charles H. Davis (the oldest resident) imbibing at 'Seonset.



The head of the procession coming down Cliff Road onto North Water street.



Sutton Commandery, Knights Templars, approaching.



Members of Union Lodge, swinging down into North Water street.

Marion W. Norcross.

A Tribute from the Candle Light Guild, St. Paul's Church, Nantucket.

We have all experienced a vividness of memory in the presence of death, as we recall the life of a friend who has recently left us. It is so with the passing of our friend, Marion Norcross. Young in years, just past forty, we can truly say of her:—"He liveth long who liveth well." For in the many changing periods of her life Marion had lived well, even in an illness that continued progressively for twelve years.

We remember her active days in business, her skill in everything she attempted. She was versatile in talent. An accomplished player of the cornet, she will be remembered as standing on the steps of the Pacific Bank several years ago with Miss Congdon, leading the singing of Christmas carols by the carolers and the community. Whatever she did was with an earnestness that could not fail.

A year ago last summer Justin Lawrie introduced Marion to a Nantucket Neighbor audience, by her poem, "The Isle of Nantucket," which he had typed on leaflets and distributed among the audience of about two hundred, who sang it with a right good will to the tune of "The Old Oaken Bucket."

The heading of the leaflet mentioned the authorship of the poem—"Marion W. Norcross—a Shut-in." Sometime after, when calling on Marion, I asked her if she realized what a power her poem had been in bringing to the minds and memory of that large number of people the beauty and charm of this Island of Nantucket. It was a new thought to her that gave her pleasure.

Slowly the years brought increasing invalidism. The strength of her hands failed, she could no longer write. In this emergency her nurse added to her duties those of a most efficient amanuensis and business manager, and in appreciation Marion dedicated a book of her poems: "To my faithful nurse, M. P."

This tribute is especially in remembrance of our Marion in the near

and dear relationship of members of the Candle Light Guild, to which she was devoted. For years, while able to walk, she came regularly and was the life of our meetings.

Later, when no longer able to walk, her father brought her in his car and carried her into the meeting; and when it was time for the meeting to close called again with his car—and carried her home.

In time this, too, was impossible and she came no more. But especial occasions she always remembered, particularly the annual Candlemas festival of the Candle Light Guild; always sending a poem or gift to add to the merriment of the company who sadly missed her presence.

Marion especially enjoyed receiving calls from her friends in the pleasant room that was home to her, brightened by the sunshine and her own cheerfulness and the little chirps of her canary bird, and made beautiful with flowers. Often we would call, thinking to bring diversion and courage to her, and came away ourselves strengthened and helped by the example of her own brave, cheerful courage and patience.

"Frail of body, strong of spirit
Loving life, of death no fear,—
Music maker, to all friendly,
Dear Marion, we miss you here."

A faithful member and communicant of St. Paul's Church, we shall miss her there, we shall miss her everywhere, and in years to come we shall remember the strength her brave example has been to us.

"At last came sweet rest to her faithful heart.

The heavenly gates swung wide,
The Light shone forth upon her way

The Victor entered in.
So we are glad, not that our friend has gone,

But that the earth she laughed and lived upon

Was our earth, too;
That we had closely known and

loved her, and that
Our love we'd shown.

Tears over her departure?
Nay, a smile—

That we had walked with her a little while."

M. E. Mann

For the Candle Light Guild.

1934.



THE LATE DR. J. S. GROUARD.

Photo by Boyer.

Many friends here learned with regret of the death Monday in Whitman of Mrs. Pearl G. (McCrea) Adams, wife of Ralph P. Adams, formerly of this village. Mrs. Adams was active in many interests in the town, especially in the work of the V. I. A., and she was for a time connected with the assessors office. She was a native of Lowell but had made her home here since her marriage, until moving to Whitman about six years ago. Besides her husband she is survived by a sister, Mrs. Walter Cleworth of Lowell.

Bickerstaff—Negus.

Miss Dorothy B. Negus, daughter of Captain and Mrs. James F. Negus, 123 Orange street, and Alger F. Bickerstaff, son of Thomas Bickerstaff, 5 Risdale street, were married at the home of the bride's parents on June 2d. The doorway through which the bride entered was decorated with green and white festoons and orange blossoms, forming an arch.

The bride was given in marriage by her father, pilot of the steamer Nobska, and was attended by her sister, Mrs. Elsie B. Gavitt, Newport. The bridegroom had his brother, Robert Bickerstaff, as best man.

Mrs. Agnes Coffin, sister of the bridegroom, played the wedding march. The Rev. N. B. Rogers officiated and the double ring service was used.

A gown of white satin and lace trimmed with pearls and rhinestones was worn by the bride. Her veil was of embroidered silk held with clusters of orange blossoms. She carried a bouquet of roses and sweet peas. Mrs. Gavitt wore a blue georgette dress, trimmed with rhinestones. Her hat matched her dress and she carried a bouquet of sweet peas.

A reception followed the ceremony at the home of the bride's parents. A large number of guests were invited. The couple are living at 5 Risdale street.

The bride is a graduate of the Academy Hill High school and is a clerk at the Pacific National Bank. The bridegroom is a graduate of University of Acadia, Canada, and is a clerk for the Atlantic and Pacific Tea company.

PEARL MACREA ADAMS.

The funeral of Mrs. Pearl Macrea Adams, a former resident of Chelmsford and this city and for the past six years residing in Whitman, took place yesterday morning at 10 o'clock in Whitman and was largely attended. Rev. Harold S. Capron, pastor of the Congregational church of Whitman, officiated. The body was removed to Saunders Funeral Home, this city, where services were held at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and were very largely attended by relatives and friends. Rev. Russell B. Lisle, pastor of St. Paul's M. E. church, officiated. Before and after the services appropriate selections were played upon the organ. There were many beautiful floral tributes. The bearers were Walter W. Cleworth, John M. Cleworth, Henry F. Fessenden, Roy Clough, Arthur E. Adams and Lawrence R. Jordan. Interment took place in the family lot in the Edson cemetery, where the committal service was read by Rev. Mr. Lisle. The funeral arrangements were in charge of Walter W. Cleworth under the direction of Funeral Director William H. Saunders. 1935

Our Candle Lighter.

(Annie Brown).

Through all the bitter winter
She suffered patiently,
And now in spring's warm sunshine
She's resting peacefully.

A friend to all who knew her
In sunshine or in rain;
A friend who always gave a smile
Whate'er her joy or pain.

A wife devoted, loving,
A partner steadfast, true,
A faithful wife through all the years
When skies were gray or blue.

A mother always striving
For what was good and right;
A mother answering to the call
With candle shining bright.

Obedient to the Church she loved,
A christian soldier there,
Loyal and ready for command,
For service and for prayer.

A candle Light from the first
Our own she'll always be.
"We'll keep our candles burning
bright"

"Till Annie's light we see!

—Marion W. Norcross
Candle Light Guild.

October Night.

Oh Perfect Night! October Night!
I can not describe thee,
Neither could I paint thee
If I were an artist:
No brush could paint thy calm,
Or the stillness of this perfect night.
I sit me down to rest
Beside the moonlit way
And wonder at these mysteries;
I see yonder silhouettes of trees,
Enchanted trees they seem to me.
The glow of the night is bewitching,
I can dimly see in the moonlight
The coloring of crimson and gold,
October's gift to the hillsides,
For the moon shines like a golden
ball.

I cannot close my eyes in sleep
And miss a night like this;
I feel alive and I must roam
Into the quiet of this autumn night
To see the harvest moon roll on.
Streamers of light of the Aurora
Borealis
Rising high in the northern sky
Add great beauty to the night.
And I take long breaths
Of the cool night air,
Blowing across the scented moors
Thrilling me with life.
Oh Heavenly Night! October Night!
I love thee.

—Marion W. Norcross.
Nantucket, Mass.

A Tribute.

Mrs. Herbert L. Brown.

The members of the Candle Light Guild of St. Paul's Church have met in sorrowing sympathy at "the parting of the ways". To one of our beloved members the way led homewards to rest and peace that must be sweet after long, weary weeks of suffering.

One who has known Mrs. Brown from girlhood offers this brief tribute of appreciation. Young, as we count her years, she lived a lifetime that in character and example shines forth "like a candle burning in the night."

As wife and mother she was the heart of a happy home. As a friend she was faithful, tried and true. She had a fine sense of beautiful, even poetic inspiration, yet always keeping a firm strong hold on the practical situations of life.

She loved St. Paul's Church, of which she was for many years a devoted communicant. She loved the Candle Light Guild and every member of the Guild loved her. To us she was "Annie Brown", whose wit and laughter made our meetings merry, whose good-natured common sense often piloted us through perplexities and whose generous heart and hand and helpfulness were ever ready when needed.

We, members of the Candle Light Guild, who have bidden her adieu for a time, as we still plod on life's way, remember her with gratitude. Gratitude for the many years of friendship we have shared together, and for the dear memories of our beloved member in Paradise.

—M. Ella Mann.
For the Candle Light Guild.

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CHELMSFORD

Eben T. Adams, Prominent in Many Local Activities, Dies After Long Illness

Amst. Boston May 22
Chelmsford, Nov. 30.

Eben T. Adams, a well known resident of the town for many years, died Tuesday night at his home in Littleton road. He had been in poor health for the past three years, and had been confined to the house for several weeks past, but death came unexpectedly as he was retiring for the night.

Mr. Adams was born in Carlisle, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Adams, and moved to Chelmsford when a young man, making his home here ever since. He served this district in the House of Representatives for two years, and also was selectman, assessor and overseer of the poor for 12 years. He was an especially active



EBEN T. ADAMS.

worker in the Central Congregational church, of which he was a member and for 20 years had been a member of the prudential committee, holding that position when he died. He was a member of William North lodge, A. F. and A. M., and Oberlin lodge, I. O. O. F. He was also a member and active for a long time in the work of the Village Improvement Association and Chelmsford Grange. For 30 years he successfully carried on a grocery business in the I. O. O. F. block, from which he retired several years ago. Mr. Adams is survived by his wife, Lottie L. Adams; two sons, Ralph P. Adams of Chelmsford and Arthur E. Adams of Winchester; two sisters, Mrs. Katherine M. Knight of Carlisle and Mrs. Flora E. Chamberlain of Cheraw, S. C.; one brother, Benjamin S. Adams of Nantucket, and several nieces and nephews.

Sunday afternoon.

Funeral services for Eben T. Adams took place at the home in Littleton road this afternoon at 2 o'clock, a large number of friends and relatives, business associates and town officials, as well as delegations from the different organizations with which he was affiliated, were present. The services were conducted by Rev. John G. Lovell, pastor of the Central Congregational church, and Rev. Ernest C. Bartlett, a former pastor. Many beautiful floral offerings were received, denoting sympathy and esteem, from many friends. The Mendelssohn male quartet, of Lowell, sang the selections "Gathering Home" and "In the Garden." Burial was in the family lot in Forefather cemetery, the committal service being given by Rev. Mr. Lovell. The bearers were Richard T. Boyd, George Goodchild, Curtis A. Aiken, Herbert C. Sweetser. Delegations representing the different associations were as follows: William North lodge, A. F. and A. M., Paul L. Perkins, W. M.; John W. Fraser, J. W.; John G. Johnson, Wilhelm T. Johnson, George W. Day, Howard S. Adams; Oberlin lodge, I. O. O. F., H. Edward Hughes, N. G.; Amos Kendall, P. G.; Charles Wilestead, P. G.; William Goodman, P. G.; Albert W. Holt, P. G.; Curtiss A. Aiken; Chelmsford Grange No. 244, P. of H., Emile E. Paignon, Fred Russell, Miss Nellie Hazen, Arnold C. Perham, Mrs. Jennie Byam, Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Vickery. The flag upon the town flag pole was at half mast during the services. Arrangements were in the charge of Undertaker William H. Saunders.

The regular meeting of Chelmsford

Death of Roger Wilkes.

Roger S. Wilkes, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar W. Wilkes of Nantucket, died in Baltimore on December 28th, after a brief illness. For a number of years he has been employed as a letter carrier and had won an excellent record through his years of service. A few weeks ago he contracted a severe cold, but kept on the job through the Christmas rush. When he finally sought medical treatment and was taken to the hospital, it was too late, for double pneumonia had set in and, although every possible effort was made to save his life, he succumbed on the 28th at the age of thirty-nine.

Besides his parents, Wilkes is survived by a widow and eight children. He also leaves two sisters. He was a world war veteran, serving on sea duty under the Coast Guard and receiving an honorable discharge. The remains were interred in the National Cemetery at Baltimore.

The passing of Roger Wilkes is a severe blow to his parents, who lost their other son, Francis, when the U. S. S. Tampa was sunk by a German submarine in September, 1918.

1934

D. E. PARKER DEAD IN HIS 68TH YEAR

Manufacturers' Agent, Born
in U.S.A., Was Well
Known Here

LATE VINCESLAS DIONNE

Importer of Butter and Cheese
Machinery Was 78 Years
Old — Formerly of

Ruth Beauce Dorion
Buried Oct 6 1941

The death occurred yesterday of Daniel Elmer Parker, of 388 Melrose avenue, in his sixty-eighth year. A manufacturers' agent and a resident of this city for some twenty years, he was well-known in Montreal through his business and social connections.

Born in Chelmsford, Massachusetts, Mr. Parker was the son of Willard Parker, of that city. He received his early education and training in Chelmsford, coming to Montreal to take up residence some twenty years ago. He held the posi-

tion of manager of the Main Belting Company of Philadelphia for some time, and at the time of his death was a manufacturers' agent. A Mason, and a keen member of the Engineers' Club and St. George's Club, he had many friends in the city.

He is survived by his wife, formerly Belle Parkhurst, of Chelmsford; and one daughter, Mrs. George W. Dorion, of Montreal. The funeral service will be held tomorrow evening at 6.45 at the chapel of Jos. C. Wray and Bro., Mountain street, with interment at West Chelmsford on Thursday morning.

Royal Cemetery.

PARKER—At his late residence, 388 Melrose Avenue, Montreal, January 6th, 1930, Daniel Elmer Parker, beloved husband of Belle Parkhurst, and father of Mrs. George W. Dorion, in his 68th year. Service at the Chapel of Jos. C. Wray & Bro., 1234 Mountain Street, on Wednesday, January 8th, at 6.45 p.m. Interment at West Chelmsford, Thursday a.m.

Salem and Lowell papers please copy.

The body of Daniel Elmer Parker, who died in Montreal, Jan. 6, arrived in Lowell yesterday morning and services were held at the family lot in West Chelmsford cemetery at 10.30 o'clock, Rev. Isaac Smith, M. A., pastor of Grace Universalist church, officiating. There were many flowers. The local arrangements were under the direction of Funeral Director W. Herbert Blake.

Eliza A. Cormie.

"No one hears the door that opens,
When they pass beyond our call;
Soft as loosened leaves of roses,
One by one our loved ones fall."

On the morning of May 19, 1930, Eliza A. Cormie, dearly beloved wife of Aquila Cormie, answered the call of the Silent Reaper.

In the passing of this dear one into a fuller, more glorious heavenly life, not only her family and friends have been sadly bereaved, but all who came within her influence have met with an irreparable loss.

As memory goes down the ways we used to tread, and as we glance back over past years, we recall her happy greetings, her joyous smile, and many acts of kindness which endeared her to all with whom she came in contact.

Services held at her home May 22nd were most impressive and as she lay among the beautiful floral tributes of love and esteem, one could understand more clearly "He indeed giveth his beloved sleep."

Our deepest sympathy goes out to the bereaved husband and her devoted sisters, in this, their hour of sorrow; among her many friends she will long be remembered as one, "so sweet, so dear, so true."

"She just waited for the turning of the morning,
She was watching for the breaking of the dawn;

Then she found the heavenly peace,
When from all pain there was release,
When she met her dear Redeemer
"face to face."

Eleanore E. Brown.

MRS. M. M. SMALL DIES IN ORLEANS

ORLEANS, May 5 (Special)—Mrs. Mary M. Small, 84, died yesterday morning after a short illness, at the home of her sons, William and Henry, with whom she lived on Cedar road, Tonsett. Mrs. Small, like all good people born on Nantucket, passed away as the tide was ebbing.

She was born at Nantucket, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert McBea and was the last of 11 children. In 1869 she was married to Isaac Small of Brewster, a builder of cranberry bogs, and lived at various times in Brewster, Wareham, Harwich and Orleans. Her husband died six years ago. Her two sons are her only survivors.

Funeral services will be conducted at 2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon by Rev. Frederick W. Alden. Burial will be in Orleans cemetery. Funeral arrangements are in charge of Nickerson Brothers of Eastham.

the McFarlin schoolhouse.

The death of Mrs. Mary A. Hatch occurred this evening at her home in Boston road, at the age of 87 years and 5 months. She had been in poor health for some time following a fall when she broke her hip some months ago. Mrs. Hatch was a native of Chelmsford and one of its oldest residents. She is survived by her daughter, Miss Mabel Hatch; two brothers, Herbert C. Sweetser and Ervin W. Sweetser, and one sister, Mrs. Enda J. Rose, all of Chelmsford.

Funeral services for Mrs. Mary A. Hatch, were held Friday afternoon at the home of her brother, Ervin W. Sweetser, in Lowell road. The attendance of many friends testified to the esteem in which Mrs. Hatch was held. There were many flowers. Rev. Lyman M. Greenman, pastor of the Unitarian church, officiated and paid a tribute to the thoughtfulness, and quite, unassuming kindness for which Mrs. Hatch was well known. The selections "Nearer My God to Thee" and "God Be With You Till We Meet Again" were sung, by Mrs. Bertha Cleworth Gordon. The body was placed in the receiving tomb at Forefathers' cemetery and will be laid later in the

family lot. Charles Perham, of Arlington; Charles Rose, of Boston; Hosmer W. Sweetser, of Chelmsford, and Alvin Sweetser, of Framingham, four nephews of the deceased, were bearers. The funeral arrangements were in charge of David Grieg & Son, Weseford. Following the services, many of the flowers were taken to sick and aged friends, according to a request left by Mrs. Hatch.

Members of the West Tisbury Grange who were guests of Nantucket Grange at Nantucket last week are Mrs. Lillian Manter, master; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Merry, Mrs. Etta M. G. Luce, Miss Ruth Blanchard, Miss Zoe Stetson, Miss Albion Alley, Mrs. George Magnuson, Mrs. Ira Mitchell, Percy L. Burt, Mrs.

Edward Smith, Mrs. Fred Norton, Miss Mary Bell Clark, Mrs. Walter Jenney, Miss Evelyn Furness and Miss Jordan.

Chilmark

Sixteen members of the Chilmark Grange went to Nantucket Wednesday to attend "Neighbor's Night" and the anniversary of the Nantucket Grange. The visitors from Chilmark Grange included Past Master Edmund Symonds and Mrs. Symonds, Lecturer Mrs. Edward D. Robinson; Secretary Mrs. Ralph F. Tilton; lady assistant steward, Mrs. Roy E. Cottle; treasurer Carlton Murphy and Mrs. Murphy; Mrs. Bartlett Mayhew, Mrs. William H. Smith, Miss Hope F. Flanders, Mrs. Mary Gordon, Sydney Gordon, Mrs. Robert Flanders, Mrs. William Dean, Mrs. D. Herbert Flanders and James

Dolby. The visitors returned Thursday morning.

GRANGES VISIT AT NANTUCKET

Chilmark, West Tisbury
Members Attend Tenth
Anniversary 1933

Special to Standard Times.

NANTUCKET, March 24—About 57 members of Nantucket Grange were hosts to 35 members of the Chilmark and West Tisbury Granges who made a visitation on the 10th anniversary celebration of the Grange here Wednesday night. A supper preceded a meeting and entertainment.

Presentation of a bouquet was made to Mrs. John Bartlett, one of the 19 charter members of the local Grange. Master R. Edward Terry of Nantucket Grange introduced Mrs. Lillian Manter, master of West Tisbury Grange, and Mrs. Hattie Robinson, lecturer of the Chilmark Grange, who expressed the regrets of the Chilmark master for not being able to attend.

Entertainment of songs furnished by ladies costumed in old-fashioned clothes was enthusiastically received. Those taking part were Mrs. Hattie McCleod, Mrs. Etta Colby, Mrs. Mildred Corkish, Mrs. Jennie Cahoon, Mrs. Willard Nickerson, Mrs. Grace Dennis, Mrs. Lester Ayres was pianist for the entertainment.

A minstrel show followed with R. Edard Terry and George Hadson, blacked, and Thomas Ash and Norman Wilson in farmers' costumes, as end men. They enlivened the performance with humorous jokes and antics.

The supper committee consisted of Mr. and Mrs. John Bartlett, Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Whelden, Mrs. Thomas McGrath and Miss Helen Bartlett. Dancing followed the entertainment. Members of the Martha's Vineyard Granges toured the island in the afternoon.

Mrs. Mary Isabel (Parkhurst) Parker, widow of Daniel E. Parker, a former resident of West Chelmsford, where she was well known, died Wednesday morning in Montreal, P. Q., where she had resided for the past several years. She is survived by a daughter, Mrs. George W. Dorion of Montreal. The body will be forwarded to this city in charge of Funeral Director W. Herbert Blake.

3. Mrs. Mary Isabel (Parkhurst) Parker.

Committal services at the family lot in West Chelmsford cemetery Friday morning at 10 o'clock. Friends invited to attend. In charge of Funeral Director W. Herbert Blake.

1894 435 Year 8 225
Benjamin Admas was carting stone from the wharf for the R. Gardner Chase estate on Cliff road. John S. Appleton was the mason.

Barney—Weaver.

From a Milford, Mass., Paper.

Miss Margery Jane Weaver, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Weaver of this town, and George Ernest Barney of Newton Centre, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Collins, of Nantucket, were married this afternoon (June 23) in Methodist church by Rev. F. T. Pomeroy, in the presence of nearly 150 relatives and friends. The double ring service was used.

The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Eva M. Weaver, as bridesmaid, and Nathaniel Sweet, of Hopkinton, was best man. The flower girl was Miss Doris Boomer, niece of the bride, and four of the ushers were members of the C. I. C. class of the church, of which the bride is a member—Misses Lucille Cadwell, Marion Rockwood, Lillian Jones and Margaret Bottomley. The other two ushers were Roy Weaver, a brother, and Fred Thomas, a friend.

Miss Myrtle Whittemore, organist, rendered the wedding march, the procession coming from the rear of the church and moving through the main aisle to the positions facing the minister at the altar. The decorations were ferns, daisies and sweet peas.

An ivory satin gown, trimmed with pearls and crystals, was worn by the bride, who carried lilies of the valley. Her veil was caught up with orange blossoms. Her traveling dress was of blue serge, with hat to match. The bridesmaid was dressed in orchid georgette, with orchid hat to match. The flower girl wore pink crepe de chine. The favors were scarf pins to the men and brooches to the bridesmaid, flower girl and lady ushers.

Later there was a reception and luncheon at the Weaver home at 74 Grove street, about 100 guests attending. The couple were well remembered with valuable presents. The house was decorated with sweet peas, potted plants and ferns.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney left for a honeymoon trip to Nantucket. They are to reside in Newton Centre, where the groom is employed by the Atlantic & Pacific Co. The bride graduated from Hopkinton High School in the class of 1910, and has been a bookkeeper in Boston.

Apr. 1944

Death of Mrs. Abbott.

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Abbott, beloved wife of Frank A. Abbott, passed away at her home, Monday, April 10, at 6:30 p. m.

Besides her husband, she is survived by three daughters, Mrs. Joseph McCue of Attleboro; Mrs. Howard W. Hull of Nantucket; Mrs. Michael Colletti of Worcester; and a son, Francis J. Abbott, U. S. C. G., Hingham, Mass.

A Requiem Mass was said at St. Mary's Church, Thursday, at 9 a. m. The burial was at St. Mary's Cemetery, Nantucket.

Obituary.

Foster Allen Kent died at his home on Main street last Sunday morning, after several months of suffering from an incurable disease. The son of Robert F. and Mary A. Kent, he was born on Nantucket forty-three years ago and has always resided here. Besides his widow, to whom he was married two years ago, he is survived by two devoted sisters, Mrs. Cora Collins and Miss Emmie Kent.

Funeral services were held in St. Mary's church, Tuesday morning, the Rev. Fr. Griffin officiating. Interment was in the Catholic cemetery. The pall-bearers were Reuben C. Small, Maurice W. Boyer, Charles Killeen and J. Butler Folger.

The deceased was a member of Union Lodge, F. & A. M., Nantucket Lodge, I. O. O. F., and Wauwinet Tribe of Red Men. A wealth of floral tributes attested the esteem in which he was held in the community.

25 and 50.

In Nantucket there are many widows and spinsters, left quite alone, who are accustomed to hire a man to sleep in their houses to ward off any possible nocturnal dangers. One man, who came to have quite a business in this line, put out, above his door, a sign which read as follows:

Odd jobs during the day,
Twenty-five cents an hour.
Sleeping with nervous old ladies,
Fifty cents.

—From Life.

Chamberlain-McNair.

Special to The State.

Cheraw, Oct. 14.—At 6:45 o'clock Thursday afternoon Miss Jessie Rose Chamberlain and John Nelson McNair were married in the Presbyterian church, the Rev. A. H. McArn performing the ceremony.

The church was beautifully decorated with ferns and golden rod and a soft light was cast from the many candles clustered among the banks of gold and green. The music was

beautifully rendered by Miss Elise Duvall.

The ushers were H. M. Duvall, Graham Matheson, Louis Meicklejohn and R. McVey Watts, and best man Ben Thurman.

The ring-bearer, little Miss Lou Esther Maynard, preceded the bride, who came in with her sister, Miss Elizabeth Chamberlain.

The bride wore a traveling suit of grey cloth and the maid of honor corn-colored messaline with dainty lace bridesmaid's cap.

The bridal couple went direct from the church to the station where they boarded a train for Northern points. Upon her return Mrs. McNair will resume the position which she has so efficiently filled for several years, as organist at the Presbyterian church. The handsome chest of silver presented by the congregation testifies to their appreciation of her services.

After the ceremony a reception was tendered the bridal party and friends by the bride's mother, Mrs. Chamberlain.

Obituary.

Our readers will learn with regret of the death of Harry Gordon, Sr., which occurred suddenly last Sunday morning while he was attending the "skeet shoot" near the Bartlett Farm. Although apparently in good health, Mr. Gordon had been afflicted with a heart ailment for some time and the final summons came without warning.

The deceased has been a resident of Nantucket for more than thirty years and during that time has made the acquaintances of many cottagers and members of the summer colony, as well as the permanent residents, all of whom held him in high esteem.

A native of Scotland, he came to this country when a young man and has ever since followed farming for a livelihood. Since coming to Nantucket he has at different periods conducted Nobadeer Farm, Miacomet Farm, Beechwood and, lastly, the Joseph Folger farm property at Shawkemo Hill, which he has owned and occupied for a number of years.

The cottagers at Brant point, Beachside and the Cliff, who each season have been among his patrons when he plied his route with garden produce, will miss him. His genial Scotch temperament, abundant good humor and ready fund of conversation, always made him welcome wherever he went.

He was very fond of out-door-life, gunning being his favorite pastime, and he always had the ability and the inclination to adapt himself to conditions, which made him an ideal companion on a shooting trip, whether for wild fowl or rabbits, as many of his acquaintances can well recall. He passed on while at his favorite recreation, in the great out-doors which he loved so well.

Funeral services were conducted at his late home by the Rev. E. W. Pond, pastor of the Congregational church, Monday afternoon. There was a large attendance of friends and acquaintances who came to pay their respects to his memory, and there were many floral tributes. Interment was in the Prospect Hill cemetery. The pallbearers were William Holland, Edward O. Gardner, George E. Grimes, Edmund P. Crocker, James A. Backus and Charles C. Chadwick, all close friends of the deceased.

Besides his widow he is survived by three daughters and a son—Mrs. H. B. Turner, Mrs. John F. Lougee, Miss Catherine Gordon, and Harry Gordon, junior.

Reserve Doctor



MAJOR FRANK E. LEWIS

* * *

Island Doctor Called by Army

Nantucket Examiner
To Serve on Cape

Special to Standard-Times

NANTUCKET, March 18—Major Frank E. Lewis, U. S. Army Medical Corps Reserve, has been called for services by the War Department and will report for duty April 1.

Dr. Lewis, who holds the post of medical examiner in Nantucket County, has been assigned to the 57th. Signal Battalion at Camp Edwards.

During the World War, he served overseas and since his retirement to private life has maintained the rank of Major in the Army Reserve.

Dr. Lewis said he did not know what steps might be taken regarding his post of medical examiner here and added that he was to discuss the matter with State officials in Boston.



A VIEW OF BRANT POINT ROAD DURING A LIBERTY PARADE IN 1918.

Barney—Weaver.

From a Milford, Mass., Paper.

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Arranges Arrail

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Funeral serv

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pall-bearers we

Maurice W. Boye

J. Butler Folger

The deceased

Union Lodge, F.

Lodge, I. O. O

Tribe of Red Men

tributes attested

he was held in t



JAMES K. DONAGHY

25 a

In Nantucket widows and spins who are accustomed sleep in their homes possible nocturnal who came to have this line, put on sign which read

Odd jobs
Twenty-five
Sleeping with

Portuguese Hurricane Deaths Placed at 500

NEW YORK, March 18 (UP)—

The hurricane which devastated

much of Portugal last month

killed more than 500 persons and

destroyed more than \$40,000,000

worth of property, a Portuguese

sea captain said today.

The figures came from the Gov-

ernment and were considered

conservative, the captain said.

Captain Mario Simoes Maia,

master of the Portuguese freight-

er Malange which docked at

Staten Island with six passen-

gers, said all small craft in Lis-

bon Harbor were damaged or

destroyed, buildings were blown

down, and thousands of fruit and

olive trees were uprooted.

Chamberlain

Special to The St

Cheraw, Oct.

Thursday aftern

Chamberlain an

Nair were marriage

rian church, the

performing the

The church was

ated with ferns

a soft light was

candles, clusters

of gold and green

beautifully rendered

Duvall.

The ushers

Graham Mathes

John and R. Mc

man Ben Thurn

The ring-bearers

Esther Maynard,

who came in with

Elizabeth Chamb

The bride wore

grey cloth and

corn-colored mes

lace bridesmaid's

The bridal coup

the church to the station where they

boarded a train for Northern points.

Upon her return Mrs. McNair will

resume the position which she has so

efficiently filled for several years, as

organist at the Presbyterian church.

The handsome chest of silver pre-

sented by the congregation testifies

to their appreciation of her services.

After the ceremony a reception was

tendered the bridal party and friends

by the bride's mother, Mrs. Chamber-

lain.

Obituary.

Our readers will learn with regret of the death of Harry Gordon, Sr., which occurred suddenly last Sunday morning while he was attending the "skeet shoot" near the Bartlett Farm. Although apparently in good health, Mr. Gordon had been afflicted with a heart ailment for some time and the final summons came without warning.

The deceased has been a resident of Nantucket for more than thirty years and during that time has made the acquaintances of many cottagers and members of the summer colony, as well as the permanent residents, all of whom held him in high esteem.

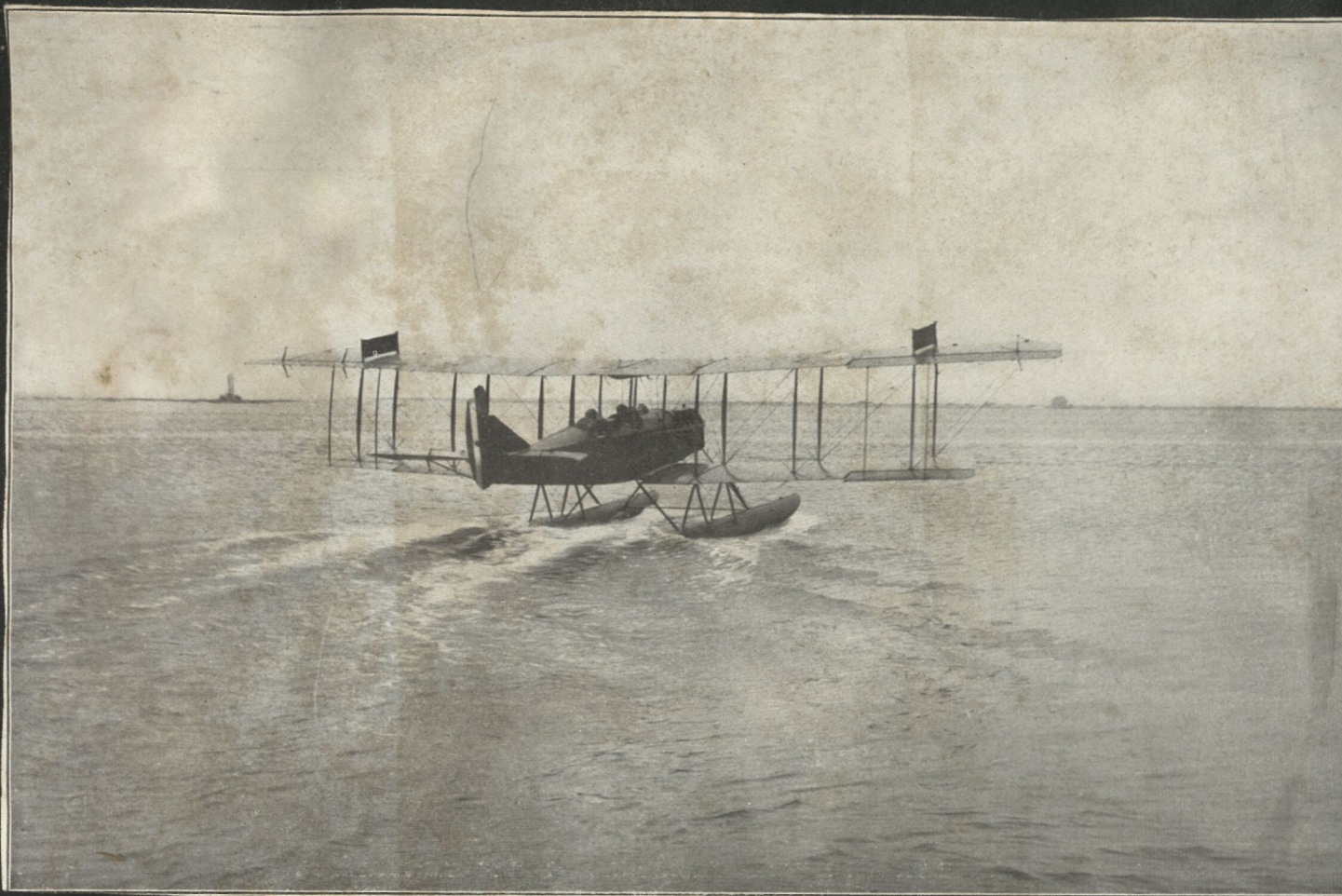
A native of Scotland, he came to this country when a young man and has ever since followed farming for a livelihood. Since coming to Nantucket he has at different periods conducted Nobadeer Farm, Miacomet Farm, Beechwood and, lastly, the Joseph Folger farm property at Shawkemo Hill, which he has owned and occupied for a number of years.

The cottagers at Brant point, Beachside and the Cliff, who each season have been among his patrons when he plied his route with garden produce, will miss him. His genial Scotch temperament, abundant good humor and ready fund of conversation, always made him welcome wherever he went.

He was very fond of out-door-life, gunning being his favorite pastime, and he always had the ability and the inclination to adapt himself to conditions, which made him an ideal companion on a shooting trip, whether for wild fowl or rabbits, as many of his acquaintances can well recall. He passed on while at his favorite recreation, in the great out-doors which he loved so well.

Funeral services were conducted at his late home by the Rev. E. W. Pond, pastor of the Congregational church, Monday afternoon. There was a large attendance of friends and acquaintances who came to pay their respects to his memory, and there were many floral tributes. Interment was in the Prospect Hill cemetery. The pallbearers were William Holland, Edward O. Gardner, George E. Grimes, Edmund P. Crocker, James A. Backus and Charles C. Chadwick, all close friends of the deceased.

Besides his widow he is survived by three daughters and a son—Mrs. H. B. Turner, Mrs. John F. Lougee, Miss Catherine Gordon, and Harry Gordon, junior.



A VIEW OF BRANT POINT ROAD DURING A LIBERTY PARADE IN 1918.

Nantucket Island, Massachusetts



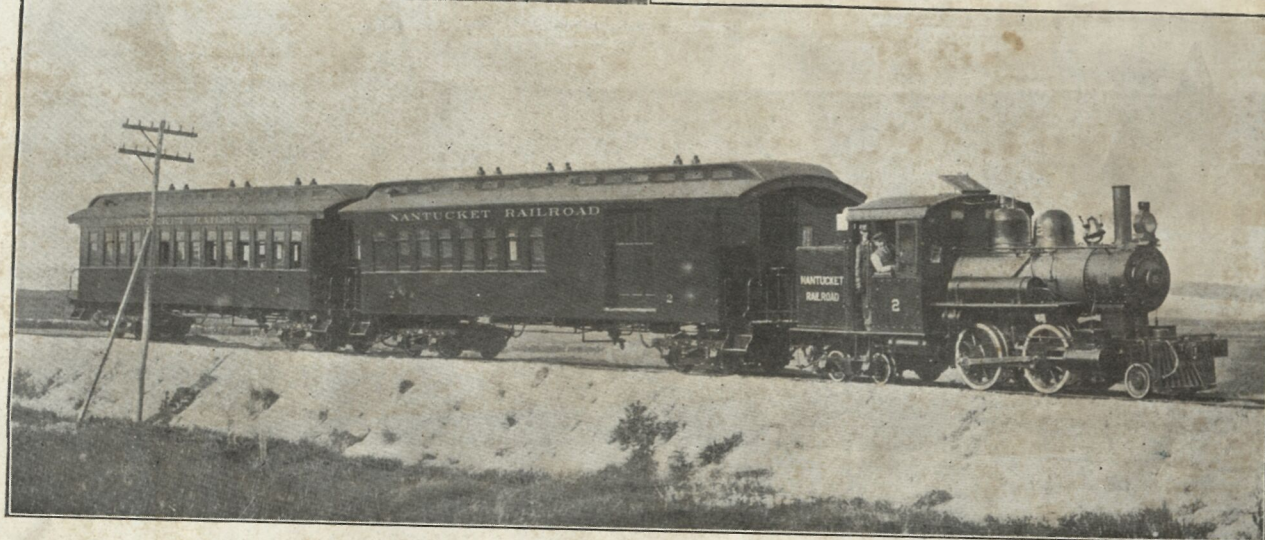
ANNIE L. PASHO Sept 7, 1945

Miss Annie L. Pasho, a resident of this city for many years, died last night at the Lowell General hospital following a brief illness. Survived by several cousins, she was a member of the Highland Congregational church and was born in Lodi, Wis., daughter of the late George N. and Phoebe (Stevens) Pasho. She spent the early part of her life in Andover.

PASHO—Died in this city, Sept. 7, at the Lowell General hospital. Miss Annie L. Pasho. Services at Saunders funeral home, 90 Westford street, Monday at 2 p. m. Friends invited. Interment in Andover. Friends may call after 4 p. m. Sunday. Funeral Director William H. Saunders.

"THE LIMITED"

Last train to operate between Town and 'Sconset. First trip June 7, 1910. Track torn up and rolling stock "junked" in spring of 1918.



THE FIRST AND LAST OF NANTUCKET'S RAILROAD TRAINS.

My Path.

I love that little fragrant path
That through the swamp does wind,
When from the busy world I turn
Sweet peace I always find.

It's there in springtime that I pick
Sweet violets of blue,
And watch the little opening buds
Spring forth in life anew.

It's there in summer that I roam
And dream upon the grass,
And in the growth along the path
There's fragrant sassafras.

It's there when autumn turns the
leaves
To crimson and to gold,
I fill my basket with wild grapes
Before the early cold.

It's there when winter winds blow keen
And snow is in the air,
I gather greens and berries red
To trim our mantles bare.

I love that little winding path
Where life is real to me,
While Nature's joys and harmonies
Sing of Eternity.

—Marion W. Norcross.

Mrs. I. H. Knight, of Carlisle, Mass., and Mrs. F. E. Chamberlain, of Cheraw, S. C., have been guests of B. S. Adams and family. 1933

Coletti—Abbott.

Mrs. Frank Abbott announces the marriage of her daughter Mary Elizabeth to Michael Coletti, of Quincy, on Friday, August 18th, at St. Mary's Rectory, by Rev. Fr. Griffin.

The bride was attractively gowned in a pink crepe de chene swagger suit and carried a bouquet of pink gladioli.

The bride was attended by her sister, Mrs. Howard W. Hull, and Charles P. Kimball was best man.

The couple left Saturday morning for a wedding trip by motor.

A shower was tendered to the bride by her sister, Mrs. Howard Hull, on Wednesday evening, at Mrs. Hull's home. The bride received many gifts from the guests. 1933.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Murray, of Watertown, Mass., have been visiting B. S. Adams and family, Orange street. Aug. 27, 1933

Funeral services for Miss Bertha S. Pasho were held at her home, 39 Liberty street, yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock and were largely attended. Rev. John Henry Sargent, pastor of the Highland Congregational church, officiated. There were numerous floral tributes. The bearers were Dana W. Clark, William D. Whittet, James Macdonald and John Stevens. Interment took place in the family lot in South Parish cemetery, Andover, where the committal service was read by Rev. Mr. Sargent. Funeral arrangements were in charge of Funeral Director William H. Saunders.

Miss Bertha S. Pasho, a resident of this city for many years, died early yesterday morning at her home, 39 Liberty street, following a lingering illness. Miss Pasho was born in Andover, daughter of the late George N. and Phoebe (Stevens) Pasho. She is survived by her sister, Miss Annie L. Pasho of this city. 1935.



The Boys Carried "Old Glory" Stretched so Tightly That "It Never Touched the Ground Once on the Whole Route."

Mrs. B. S. Adams and Miss Maude Adams, who have been visiting in Medford and Chelmsford, returned to Nantucket on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank O. Coolidge who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Adams and family, left Saturday noon for their home in Malden.

Miss Maude Adams who has been visiting in Boston and North Reading, returned home Tuesday.

Miss Claramond Hackett and Frank O. Coolidge, of Reading, Mass., have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Adams and family.

Personal.

Mrs. Marion Hackett, of Boston, has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Adams and family.

Sudden Death of 1927 Frances E. Dennis.

The uncertainty of human life was brought with tremendous force to the minds of many friends and former schoolmates, when, early this week, it was reported that Frances Elizabeth Dennis, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Dennis, of Nantucket, had passed away, following an operation for acute appendicitis.

Only last week Miss Dennis was here among us, meeting friends and acquaintances with those cheery smiles and friendly words which were ever characteristic of her kindly and cheerful disposition.

Miss Dennis was graduated from the Nantucket High School with the Class of '26. In her school life she endeared herself alike to schoolmates and teachers by her faithful, conscientious work, and by her unfailing courtesy and helpfulness to all.

The passing of Miss Dennis from the ranks of the young people of our town, is a distinct loss, and the warmest sympathy of the community goes out to the sorrowing parents.

days, will return with them.

Mrs. Sarah E. Adams very pleasantly observed her 91st anniversary of her birth today with an informal reception held from 2 to 4 o'clock at the home of her daughter, Mrs. I. H. Knight. Plans for the observance had been made without her knowledge and she much enjoyed the unexpected call of many friends who came to extend their congratulations. There were numerous remembrances of flowers, fruit, candy, etc., as well as a handsome birthday cake, bearing on its frosted surface, candles arranged to represent the years, made by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. E. T. Adams, who assisted Mrs. Knight in serving refreshments. L. E. Taisey, Sr., and family of

Miss Maude Adams returned Wednesday, after a visit in Reading, Carlisle and Wollaston.

1927

Mrs. B. S. Adams and Miss Maude Adams returned Saturday after a visit in Springfield, Mass.

1931

Sudden Death of Stillman Cash.

Stillman C. Cash, a well-known resident of the island, died suddenly Tuesday evening. He was stricken ill while near the 'Sconset dumping ground and was taken to the village by F. B. Maglathlin, expiring within a very short time, death being due to heart failure, according to Dr. F. E. Lewis, who was summoned as medical examiner.

Mr. Cash had not been in good health for several years, having suffered a slight paralytic stroke some time ago, from which he never fully recovered. For many years he has conducted a fish market in 'Sconset and was well-known to the summer residents of the village, as well as to the permanent residents of the island.

He served on the board of Selectmen in 1918 and 1919 and at times served as moderator of the town meetings. He was an active member of the Odd Fellows and Red Men organizations.

The deceased is survived by his widow, by a daughter, Miss Irene Cash, and by two sons, Albert and Leland Cash, who reside in California.

Commander Byrd's North Pole Flag Comes to Nantucket.

Through the interest in his home town held by Capt. Harry Manter, port captain of the U. S. Shipping Board at New York, the Nantucket Historical Society has this week received a very valuable relic—something of international interest.

It is the American flag which was flown by the S. S. Chantier when she left Spitzbergen with Commander R. E. Byrd on board, to make his flight through the air to the North Pole. The flag has been autographed by both Commander Byrd and his mechanic, Floyd Bennett, the men very kindly writing their names on one of the white stripes of the flag, which of course adds to its historic interest, as these were the two men who first flew to the North Pole and return.

Captain Manter could have bestowed the flag elsewhere, of course, as it is a relic that would be greatly desired by any historical or geographical society anywhere, but his interests are always with Nantucket, and when he saw the chance to secure this famous flag for the local Historical Society he seized the opportunity and brought it with him when he came home for his annual visit.

The flag was handed to Miss Brock, the curator of the Historical Association, accompanied by a letter from Captain Manter telling its history, and calling attention to the autographs of Byrd and Bennett as vouchers for its authenticity.

Benjamin S. Adams

NANTUCKET, Jan. 5—Stricken suddenly on the Shimmie Beach yesterday, Benjamin S. Adams of 121 Orange Street, 77, a former greens keeper at the Nantucket Golf Links, died in the automobile of a friend en route to his home about an hour later.

Mr. Adams, relatives said, apparently was in good health when he left his home about 10 a. m. with two friends, John E. Backus and Everett Backus brothers, of Orange Street, to go clamming.

They were returning home when Mr. Adams complained of illness and fell on the Shimmie Beach. His two companions placed him in the car and drove to the home of Police Chief Lawrence F. Mooney, and from there telephoned Dr. Ernest Menges to meet them at the Adams home in town. Dr. Menges arrived at the Adams home about the same time as the trio, but the victim was dead.

Mr. Adams was born in Carlisle and came to the Island about 44 years ago, following his marriage to Marcia Parker. For 15 years he cared for the greens at the Nantucket Golf Links. Besides his widow, he leaves a daughter, Miss Maude Adams; a son, Edgar, both of Nantucket, and two sisters, Mrs. I. H. Knight of Carlisle, and Mrs. Flora Chamberlain of Cheraw, S. C. Wuneral services will be Thursday at 2 p. m. from the family home at 121 Orange Street. Burial will be in Prospect Hill Cemetery.

Former Resident Dies.

Word was received here today of the sudden death at his home in Nantucket, of Benjamin F. Adams, a former resident of this town for many years. Mr. Adams was born in Carlisle but came here with his family when a youth and after reaching manhood worked as a blacksmith here. He later moved to Nantucket where he took up the work of landscape gardening, in which he was quite successful. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Mattie (Parker) Adams, a son, Edgar and a daughter, Maude, all of Nantucket. He is also survived by two sisters, Mrs. Isaac H. Knight, of Carlisle, and Mrs. Flora Chamberlain, of Cheraw, N. C., and several nieces and nephews, among them Ralph P. Adams, of Chelmsford.

Benjamin S. Adams of Orange Street, a well known Nantucketer, died suddenly Monday afternoon. He leaves a wife and two children.

LIGHT KEEPER IS DEAD AT 57

James E. Dolby, Gay Head Attendant, Many Years in Service of U. S.

Special to Standard Times

VINEYARD HAVEN, July 6—Funeral services for James Everett Dolby, 57, keeper of Gay Head Light, who died Sunday of heart disease after a four day illness at Marine Hospital, will be held at the Methodist Church here tomorrow at 2 p. m. The Rev. C. E. Chase will officiate.

Mr. Dolby was born in Barnstable, son of George and Sarah Marchant Dolby. He came to the Vineyard as a youngster and while his father was serving as keeper of the West Chop Light.

After attending public schools on this island, he started a career as

(Continued on Page 2)

for the past 17 years, previous to which he had lived in Chelmsford, where he had carried on the business of a wheelwright. He was a good neighbor and friend and a man of the highest integrity.

He was a native of Nova Scotia and came to the States as a young man. He was a former member of Troop F. Cavalry, M. V. M. and a charter member of the Chelmsford I. O. O. F.

Besides his wife, Kate (Adams) Knight, he is survived by two brothers, D. F. Knight of Arlington and J. Dexter Knight of Dorchester; two sisters, Mrs. Jennie Berry of Belmont and Mrs. Charles Schoening of Lundbreck, Alberta, Can., also several nieces and nephews.

The local Chapter records with deep feeling the passing of Mrs. Robert Mack, Sr., who has been a loyal and faithful worker for the Red Cross and has given generously of her time and efforts in carrying along the work. Mrs. Mack was always to be relied upon and the members of the Chapter and her co-workers will miss her companionship as they carry on.

* * * * *

Apr. 30 1944

Dies on Vineyard



JAMES E. DOLBY

LIGHT KEEPER IS DEAD AT 57

(Continued from Page 1)

a lighthouse keeper. His first assignment was at Cape Ann, where he served about two years before going to Baker's Island. He was later assistant keeper for nine years at the Sankaty Head Light, Nantucket. Mr. Dolby took over the watch at Gay Head four and one-half years ago.

He was a member of Chilmark Grange. Besides his widow, Sadie (Cole) Dolby, he leaves a son, James E. Dolby Jr.; a daughter, Miss Louise Hortense Dolby; a

MRS. FLORA A. CHAMBERLAIN

Mrs. Flora Adams Chamberlain, wife of the late Dr. E. H. Chamberlain, died Tuesday in Cheraw, South Carolina. She is survived by a sister, Miss B. S. Adams of Nantucket; three daughters, Mrs. Jessie N. McNair of Sanford, North Carolina; Mrs. Elizabeth Caveness of Atlanta, Ga., and Mrs. Gertrude Wright of Los Angeles; also two nephews, Arthur E. Adams and Ralph P. Adams of Chelmsford.

CHAMBERLAIN—Died in Cheraw, South Carolina, Dec. 25, Mrs. Flora Adams Chamberlain, wife of the late Dr. E. H. Chamberlain. Funeral services from the funeral home, Main street, Westford, Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Friends invited. Interment in the family lot in Fairview cemetery, Westford. Funeral Directors David L. Greig & Son.

KNIGHT—In Carlisle, April 16, Isaac H. Knight, aged 75 years. Private funeral services will be held at the home in Lowell street, Carlisle, Saturday at 2 p. m. Burial at Green cemetery, Carlisle. Funeral Director Walter Perham in charge.

1940 Carlisle

Carlisle, April 16.

Many friends will be shocked to learn of the death of Isaac H. Knight, which occurred unexpectedly at his home in Lowell street this morning. He had been about his duties as usual the day before. He had been a resident here

Aunt Kate

Died was 14th June

Buried 17 June

1941

COUPLE MARRY IN NANTUCKET

Miss Grant Becomes Bride
of Norman Lawrence
Bazinet (1933)

Special to Standard-Times.

NANTUCKET, Nov. 1 — Miss Janet May Grant, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Grant, 6 New Street, became the bride of Norman Lawrence Bazinet, Monday at 8 p. m.

Miss Grant was born in Nova Scotia and came to Nantucket with her parents when a young child. She attended the public schools here and was graduated from the Nantucket High School in the class of 1930. Since her graduation she has been employed at Cora Stevens' shop on Center Street.

Mr. Bazinet is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edmore Bazinet of Bridgewater. He is at present employed at the center Atlantic and Pacific Tea store.

The wedding ceremony took place in the Methodist Church which was prettily decorated for the event with Autumn flowers. The Rev. George Smith Brown officiated and the single ring service was used.

The bride looked charming in a brown transparent velvet gown, with matching shoes and turban. She carried a bouquet of talisman roses.

The maid-of-honor was Miss Marion L. Nelson of New Bedford, who was most attractive in a rust silk crepe dress with sash of brown transparent velvet. Her bouquet

Island Bride



MRS. NORMAN L. BAZINET

was of rust colored chrysanthemums.

Joseph Grant, the brother of the bride, was the best man.

After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride.

The young couple left the Island Tuesday morning for a week's trip to the White Mountains. On their return they will reside on West Chester Street.

Bazinet—Grant.

A pretty autumn wedding was performed in the Methodist church on Monday evening last, at 8.00 o'clock, when Miss Janet May Grant, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Grant, became the bride of Norman Bazinet in a single ring service, with the pastor, Rev. George Brown, officiating. The church was tastefully decorated with white chrysanthemums.

The bride wore a gown of brown transparent velvet with hat to match, and carried a bouquet of pink rosebuds. She was attended by Miss Marion Nelson, her cousin, who was gowned in a Spanish tile crepe dress, with brown velvet hat, and carried a mixed bouquet. Joseph Grant, brother of the bride, was best man.

Following the ceremony, a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents on New street, which was attended by a large number of relatives and friends of the young couple.

The bride is a graduate of the Nantucket High School, class of 1930, and has since been employed at Miss Stevens' store on Centre street. The groom is in the employ of the A. & P. store on Main street.

The newlyweds left Tuesday morning on a motor trip and received an enthusiastic send-off when the boat departed, from a large gathering of friends on the wharf.

DEATHS

ADAMS—In Whitman, May 29, at her home, 9 Marble street, Mrs. Pearl G. Adams, formerly of Chelmsford, aged 44 years, 4 months and 14 days.

Funeral services at Saunders Funeral Home, 90 Westford street, on Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Friends invited. Interment in Edison cemetery. Funeral Director William H. Saunders in charge.

Miss Marion W. Norcross

Special to Standard-Times
NANTUCKET, Dec. 29—Funeral services for Miss Marion W. Norcross, 40, who died Thursday at her home on Twin Street will be held Sunday from her home at 2 p. m. Miss Norcross, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur A. Norcross, died after a long illness. She is survived by her parents and two sisters, Mrs. Phillips Morris and Mrs. Kenneth van Fleet and a brother James, all of Nantucket.

The many friends of Mrs. Pearl G. (Macrae) Adams a native of this city and formerly of Chelmsford Centre, died early yesterday morning at her home, 9 Marble street, Whitman, where she has resided for the past six years, after a brief illness, aged 44 years, 4 months and 14 days. She is survived by her husband, Ralph Adams of Whitman, one sister, Mrs. Walter W. Cleworth of this city, and one nephew, John M. Cleworth of Lowell. Mrs. Adams was a member of the Womans Club of Whitman. The body will be removed to Saunders Funeral Home, 90 Westford street, Wednesday noon.

Marion W. Norcross

A beautiful soul has passed from our midst. A soul so brave, loving and charitable, in all ways beautiful—an example to all who feel in any way cast down.

She, who suffered physically, had the inspiration and gratitude for her life that she wrote "The Joys of Life."

I'm happy when the morning dawns
Great joys come then to me;
I'm glad to have another day
To live and love and see.

I'm happier in the daytime
When greater joys I find;
For life is full of interest
To occupy the mind.

I'm happiest in the evening—
The last great joys are best;
At peace with thee and all mankind
I sink down into rest.

—M. H. C.

To Marion

Serene within your sunny room,
Loving life, of death no fear,
Friend to all who ever knew you,
Marion, we miss you dear.

You obeyed the Father calling,
Followed fearless where He led,
Somehow you've not really left us,
Only stepped along ahead.

When we near the misty border,
Leaving earthly cares behind,
May we face the change as bravely,
Strong in faith, with peace of mind.

Frail of body, strong of spirit,
Cheery, helpful in your pain,
Music maker, sunshine worker,
Farewell 'till we meet again.

—Ruth Horton.

For the Candle Light Guild,
St. Paul's Church.

Friends are invited to the burial service of Mrs. Mary Isabel (Parkhurst) Parker at the West cemetery, Friday morning at 10 o'clock. Mrs. Parker was the widow of Daniel Elmer Parker and the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Parkhurst of this village. She died at Montreal, Canada on April 3.

